

HUDSON HAWK

by

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HUDSON HAWK

We're in BLACK. Gradually we HEAR SOUNDS: The GRUNTING of DOMESTIC ANIMALS: The CREAKING of WOODEN WAGON WHEELS, the CLATTER of FEET on COBBLESTONES... and VOICES speaking ITALIAN.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ITALIAN PIAZZA - RENNAISSANCE - DAY 1

A HOUSEWIFE dickers with a grocer in the market and STUDENTS flirt with the girls. Suddenly an EXPLOSION shatters GLASS in a high window.

Everyone stops, looks up - then a FIGURE at the window COUGHS and tries to uses a BLANKET to disperse the smoke.

The people in the plaza go back to business.

THE GROCCER
Da Vinci, che pazzo!

The others nod sagely.

CUT TO:

2 INT. DA VINCI'S WORKSHOP - DAY 2

As APPRENTICES COUGH and use blankets, towels and bellows to disperse the smoke from the huge room, we SEE LEONARDO DA VINCI. He's tall, vibrant, younger looking than we expect behind the full beard.

His workshop is a fascinating blend of laboratory and studio: a bat-winged HANG GLIDER 20 feet across leans in one corner; another corner holds a MANNEQUIN wearing a DIVING HELMET.

On a table in the foreground is FRESH CLAY and a STUDY for an equestrian statue; a large VOLUME of sketches, the inkwell nearby; A MODEL of what looks a lot like a HELICOPTER; and other things both beautiful and fascinating. Next to this table is a EASEL hidden under a BLACK VELVET DROP CLOTH.

But nothing is as beautiful or fascinating or downright amazing as the GREAT MACHINE in the center of the room, which even now is still BILLOWING SMOKE. MIRRORS attached to parts of it reflect BEAMS OF LIGHT from other mirrors in the corner, which cut through the smoke like a Renaissance laser show.

As Da Vinci strides towards the Volkswagen sized device, he SHOUTS to an apprentice -

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED -

2

DA VINCI

Giuseppi, basta vapore! Non facciamo
l'espresso!

The apprentice throws a LEVER. A SHUNT near the FURNACE turns.
STEAM ESCAPES upwards. The MACHINE immediately SLOWS DOWN.

3 CLOSER

3

Da Vinci REACTS to the HEAT of the machine, stops to pick up some
TONGS. Coughing, he reaches with them towards -

4 A LITTLE TROUGH - IN THE MACHINE'S INNARDS

4

which even now comes to a slow HALT, jerking like a roulette wheel
at the end of its spin. Immediately behind this trough is a
filligree, open mesh BALL the size of a grapefruit, which is
actually a complex GEAR more intricate and beautiful than any
watch. The TEETH of the GEAR GLEAM like jewels in the YELLOW GLOW
which reflects from the trough - a GLOW of heat...

...and something more than heat.

The TONGS reach into the trough, extract something.

5 NEW ANGLE

5

Da Vinci brings the object closer to his face, fumbles for
eyeglasses - an apprentice produces them. A MURMUR goes up from
the apprentices as the Master peers at the yellow bar, smoke
still curling from it.

1ST APPRENTICE

(awestruck)

Maestro, che meraviglia!

2ND APPRENTICE

Si, Maestro, lei e' proprio
fantastico! L'ha fatto!

DA VINCI

Si, l'ho fatto...

The pride and curiosity in his face changes to worry.

DA VINCI(cont'd)

...ma, che cosa l'ho fatto al
mondo? Alla storia? Al'umanita?

(suddenly)

Lasciatemi solo! Ascoltate, Solo!

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED -

5

The apprentices obey, run out. The big door SLAMS. Alone, Da Vinci thinks for a moment, then -

DA VINCI(cont'd)

Merda!

He FLINGS the tongs and what they hold into the furnace. Then he looks at -

6 HIS WORKTABLE

6

Where we see again the still damp CLAY HORSE, the unfinished BOOK, and the helicopter like MODEL.

7 BACK TO SCENE

7

Da Vinci smiles slightly. Then he turns to the machine, reaches out gingerly to touch the big gear - ouch! He uses the edge of his cloak to insulate his hand, pulls out the gear with a POP and tosses it onto -

8 THE TABLE

8

where it COMES APART into THREE HINGED PIECES.

9 WIDER

9

Da Vinci looks at the three pieces, then at the unfinished work on the table... rubs his hands together.

The door OPENS. He jumps.

10 NEW ANGLE

10

Coming in the door is MONA LISA, dressed as we know her.

MONA

Leonardo, amore mio - sono pronta.

DA VINCI

Ah, bellissima, prego -
(gesturing her towards
a chair)
- un piccolo momentino.

And quickly he turns and YANKS the dropcloth off the easel, REVEALING her unfinished portrait. Then he TOSSES the dropcloth over -

11 THE THREE WORKS IN PROGRESS AND THE GEARS 11

and as the cloth FLOPS down and BLOCKS the CAMERA we

CUT TO:

12 A PARADE - SIENA, ITALY - DAY 12

people CHEER and trumpets BLARE as costumed DANCERS and tunic-and-tight wearing FLAG BEARERS strut like cheerleaders, pausing in unison to FLING their banners in the air and catch them again.

13 FESTOONED HORSES 13

colored bunting dangling from their flanks, they are led by pageboys in tights and codpieces. Just when we're wondering what century all this is occurring in, we SEE some TOURISTS with their video equipment.

14 WIDER 14

Now we realize that Da Vinci's Italy is 400 years behind us. The great Nautilus-shell shaped plaza of Siena is filled with people for the great horse race - the Palio. As we WATCH, men RAKE the earthen track which circles the crowd of thousands.

15 HIGH ANGLE 15

All eyes are on the horses, the parade, the ceremony. But -moving through the crowd - and parting it briefly like a shark's fin cutting through the surf - is a BLACK HOMBURG. Right next to it, at a rakish angle, is the TIP OF AN UMBRELLA.

16 SIDE ANGLE 16

Now we SEE that these items belong to a SEVEN FOOT, SIX INCH TALL ZULU. His Savile Row suit is timeless and traditional; so are the TRIBAL SCARS carved into his face. Coming to an impasse of people, we wonder what he will do -

UM'SHAKA

Scusate, signori, scusate-

He turns, and now we see that trailing behind him all along has been a much shorter and harried Englishman, SAUNDERS.

SAUNDERS

Good God, what a madhouse!

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED -

16

UM'SHAKA(cont'd)
 (perfect British accent)
 This way, Mr. Saunders, almost there-
 (to people in their path)
 Scusate-

Um'Shaka steers Saunders to a doorway - both go in.

CUT TO:

17 INT. HOTEL ROOM - SIENA - DAY

17

We're TIGHT on some BLUEPRINTS - of what, we're not sure -but now a porcelin-carved woman's hand consults an AGED MANUSCRIPT -stabs at a paragraph - and then moves over to RED PENCIL the blueprints. There's a KNOCK at the door. CAMERA moves up to the face of LADY QUEENSBOROUGH, a British expatriate, with cheekbones and skin that mask an age anywhere from 40 to 60 -and piercing intelligent eyes that mask far more.

LADY QUEENSBOROUGH
 Avanti.

UM'SHAKA
 Lady Queensborough, may I present
 Mr Saunders.

Saunders is already strutting across the room, hand outstretched.

SAUNDERS
 It's an honor to meet you, my Lady.

He kisses her hand - to her evident distraction and Um'Shaka's amusement. A flurry of TRUMPETS and a ROAR from the crowd outside attracts all their attention.

CUT TO:

18 THE STARTING LINE - OUTSIDE

18

The rope drops and the horse bolt across the dirt track.

19 TWO JOCKEYS

19

immediately begin to use their whips on each other; one FALLS.

20

INSIDE THE ROOM ABOVE

20

Lady Queensborough watches the race distractedly. The NOISE from the crowd makes them all SHOUT. She is examining a DOCUMENT from an ENVELOPE Saunders is still holding.

QUEENSBOROUGH

(shouting over the NOISE)

The man's credentials are impressive,
Mr Saunders. But what's his price?

SAUNDERS

That's the beauty part, Milady.
He ain't for sale.

(amused by this)

A reformed thief, he is, two days
away from freedom. But my American
connections know how to make him
cooperate.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Interesting. And I'm... not involved?

SAUNDERS

Got a string o' people long as my
John 'Enry between you and this thief.
They squeeze a certain Yank cop,
he leans on our boy. You're clean
out of it. Hell, nobody even knows
I been workin' for you.

Lady Queensborough holds out her hand for rest of the envelope.
Saunders clears his throat.

SAUNDERS

There was... a remuneration
mentioned...?

QUEENSBOROUGH

Of course. Um'shaka?

21

UM'SHAKA

21

Motionless in the corner until now, he nods gravely, produces
a large wood and velvet box, comes over with it.

LADY QUEENSBOROUGH

Um'Shaka's homeland, as you know,
is known for many rare items:
Diamonds, gold, platinum -

Eager, Saunders opens the box. And SCREAMS as -

22

NEW ANGLE

22

a GREEN MAMBA LUNGES straight up out of the box, CLAMPS on his face over his eye.

LADY QUEENSBOROUGH(cont'd)
- and of course, exotic reptiles.

CUT TO:

23

THE RACE - OUTSIDE

23

The CROWD SCREAMS as the remaining jockeys - and one riderless horse - close in on the finish line.

CUT TO:

24

QUEENSBOROUGH'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

24

Saunders, on the floor, finally YANKS the snake away from his already purpling face.

Um'Shaka jerks his hand upwards, flicks his wrist. Suddenly there's a metal SHAFT in Um'Shaka's hand with a BLADE the size of a paperback book. Um'Shaka steps forward, SWINGS.

25

THE SNAKE

25

is DECAPITATED on the floor.

26

BACK TO SCENE

26

Lady Queensborough watches clinically as Saunders TWITCHES, his hand grabbing at Queensborough's ankles and stockings.

She steps back with distaste.

LADY QUEENSBOROUGH
Um'Shaka, Mr Saunders appears to
need some medical attention. I
believe they stock anti-venom at
the American Hospital in Florence.

Um'Shaka pulls the twitching Saunders to his feet.

QUEENSBOROUGH
(taking Saunder's hand)
You'd best be off, Saunders; it's
a ninety minute drive at best, and
with this crowd, well I don't know.

CONTINUED

26

CONTINUED -

26

Saunders gurgles something. Um'Shaka drags him out. Lady Queensborough goes to the window to watch the race - and she notices a run in one ballet-trained leg.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Damn.

CUT TO:

27

THE FINISH LINE - BELOW

27

The last turn. Already the CROWD is going over the barricades behind the last horse.

28

THE BUILDING

28

Um'Shaka comes out of the building with Saunders, who is ashen. Um'Shaka gives him a little push into the crowd and leaves him.

29

THE FINISH LINE

29

The moment the winner is across, the CROWD CRASHES THROUGH the flimsy track barrier.

30

THE JOCKEY

30

is snatched from his saddle by the crowd. Someone passes him a wineskin. He drinks, soaks his head. Kisses a pretty girl. The BANNER of the winning horse and the district it represents is WAVED.

31

THE CROWD - VERY TIGHT

31

Saunders is held upright by the press of people. He gives one last SHUDDER and DIES ON HIS FEET, green bile dripping from his lip.

But his body doesn't fall; instead it is held up and carried along by the (pardon the expression) snake-dancing crowd.

CUT TO:

32

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

32

Lady Queensborough is on the balcony, watching the mad celebration. A SERVANT comes in the doorway with a mind-boggling STACK of ITALIAN CURRENCY.

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED -

32

SERVANT

La Guidecca, Signora.

He indicates a banner on her wall - the same banner we saw unfurled below.

SERVANT

Your district, your horse. You have won.

He goes out. She moves to the desk, pushes the money idly aside so that she can open the manila folder.

QUEENSBOROUGH

(sotto, to herself)

I certainly have. I most certainly have.

33

NEW ANGLE

33

showing the inside of the file, where we SEE a PHOTOGRAPH of EDDIE (HUDSON) HAWK.

CUT TO:

34

INT. PRISON--DAY

34

Shooting down the long, long bank of cells, their closed bars dwindling in a shrinking moire pattern.

Then, with a CLANG, one set of bars OPENS.

35

CLOSER

35

EDDIE (HUDSON) HAWKINS, known to his friends - and that includes us - as Hawk, is escorted from his cell.

He's carrying a toothbrush and a picture volume entitled SPLENDOR OF INDIA. The cheap suit he's wearing has factory creases in all the wrong places.

Now, as he walks down the long aisle, various other PRISONERS call out to him:

REDNECK PRISONER

Hey, Eddie! You have that drink on me!

HAWK

You got it. A double.

CONTINUED

ASIAN AMERICAN PRISONER

Hawk, you find that motherfucker
dined on me, kick his ass.

HAWK

Consider it kicked.

BLACK PRISONER

Brother Hawkins, The Lord is calling
you. Answer him.

HAWK

Amen.

OBESE PRISONER

You look up my sister, Hawkins.
You gonna like her.

HAWK

Top of the list.

Now they're at the end of the cellblock. The young GUARD
escorting Hawk fumbles with his keyring while the OLDER GUARD
at the desk lights his pipe.

YOUNG GUARD

(about the keyring)

Shit! This is for "C" block -

(frustrated)

I'll have to -

HAWK

(to the older guard)

Excuse me -

He takes a pipe cleaner from the coffee mug of pencils on the
desk - BURNS OFF the fabric fuzz with lighter beside it -bends
the now blackened wire in two places - and then with a quick
turn of the wrist uses it to UNLOCK the cellblock door.

It's happened so fast that the young guard is still in mid-bitch -

YOUNG GUARD

- go back down to security and -

He stops, dumbfounded, as the door CLUNKS open.

CONTINUED

36

CONTINUED -

36

OLDER GUARD
 (as Hawk returns the
 pipe cleaner)
 Hawkins. How come you never tried
 to bust out of here?

HAWK
 Getting out's easy.
 (pause)
 Staying out's harder.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. PRISON--DAY

37

A GUARD lets Hawk out of the forboding door. Hawk looks at his
 watch - a glance that reveals the TAG of the cheap suit. Hawk
 rips it off - noticing -

HAWK
 "Unknown fibers"?

He tosses it away -

GATES'S VOICE
 Fifteen dollar fine, Hawkins. You're
 off to a bad start.

38

NEW ANGLE

38

Hawk turns to see MARTY GATES leaning against the door of his city
 Plymouth. About Hawk's age, but with a chill to his eyes and
 a coarseness to his voice, his body, his moves.

HAWK
 Officer Gates. I thought there was
 something wrong with the smell of
 freedom. Shouldn't you be off
 somewhere stealing an apple or taking
 a bribe?

GATES
 (moving closer)
 You're out of touch, goniff. Got
 a different line of work these days.

He shows his wallet.

HAWK
 Parole officer? If I didn't think
 it would melt, I'd pee in this suit.

CONTINUED

GATES

Gets funnier than that, Hawkins.

(pause)

I'm your parole officer.

HAWK

(disbelieving)

Fuck me.

GATES

Oh, I intend to. You should be grateful. I'm the one who did the dog and pony for the parole board... told them what a good little boy you'd be if you got the chance.

HAWK

And why would you do that?

GATES

'Cause you got something I need.

HAWK

A dick in working order?

GATES

Talent.

He gets back in his car, drives away. Hawk watches him go, worried... then a HONK of a DISTINCTIVE CAR HORN makes him smile-without even looking he heads for -

where ALEX MESSINA, 50, is parked. Hawk tosses his things in the window.

HAWK

This piece of crap suit wasn't bad enough, you had to bring a piece of crap car?

ALEX

Kid, you got no respect for a classic.

HAWK

(getting in)

You, or the car?

ALEX

They ever paint my old cell?

CONTINUED

39

CONTINUED -

39

HAWK

Got a bronze plaque on it. Little
eternal flame. How's real life?

ALEX

Still a bitch. Ready for it?

HAWK

After I run a few errands.

CUT TO:

40 A COUNTRY AND WESTERN BAR - QUICK CUT 40

where - as Alex watches - Hawk quickly DOWNS two SHOTS of liquor-

CUT TO:

41 A STREET CORNER 41

where Hawk drops with ONE PUNCH a sleazy looking ASIAN HOODLUM-

CUT TO:

42 A BLACK CHURCH 42

where Hawk drops some bills into the poorbox, smiles at the
elderly minister -

43 A VERY OBESE YOUNG WOMAN 43

who OPENS her front door and SMILES at Hawk - whose own smile
FADES.

WOMAN

(eagerly)
Yes?

HAWK

Ah... wrong address.

VERY QUICK CUT TO:

44

INT. ALEX'S CAR

44

Alex LAUGHS as Hawk gets in.

HAWK

Three out of four, not bad...

Alex FLOORS it -

CUT TO:

45

INT. ALEX'S BAR - NIGHT

444 45

We're in a bar. Not a "Grill", not a "cafe", not a "boite" or a fucking fern bar, but a God-blessed bar with wood walls and a brass rail and fifty years of ball players framed on the wall.

But tonight the mahogany is brightened by balloons, streamers, and temptra paint on the mirror spelling out "WELCOME HOME EDDIE". There's a group around Hawk at the bar - Alex, DANNY the bartender, others. Money on the bar and a pretty but hard looking GIRL who is giggling in Hawk's ear. Now, she sneaks a bite at his earlobe.

Hawk - preoccupied with his hands trapped in a FINGER PUZZLE - twists his head away -

HAWK

Christ, Angela, I been in the can for twenty months - you know what you're doing -

ANGELA

Yeah. Cheating.

LAUGHTER from the group.

ANGELA(cont'd)

(looking at watch)

Ten seconds... Nine... eight...

She keeps breathing in his ear. But he manages to ignore it, works on the puzzle - ta-da! He's free.

APPLAUSE and Hawk rakes in the money.

ALEX

Hey. Donald Trump. What're you gonna do with it?

HAWK

You know that Santoria shop on Fourth? Maybe I'll buy a voodoo doll of Officer Gates.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED -

45

DANNY

(sotto)

Save your money. The real one's
here.

46 NEW ANGLE

46

Alex and Hawk turn. Indeed, the bar has become suddenly QUIET as Gates has come in. Several people even slip out the door behind him. He's carrying a cheap briefcase.

GATES

Hawkins. My office.

(pointing)

Now.

ALEX

Back room's closed.

GATES

"Back room's closed"? I'll close
the whole fucking place!

(pointing)

Fire violations, health violations,
this underage twat-

Alex gets pissed - and then he begins to PALE. He grips the bar.

HAWK

(very quickly)

It's okay, Alex - you can fumigate
where he sat later.

47 CLOSE ON ALEX

47

As they go into the back room he COUGHS, fumbles for a pill
bottle... puts one under his tongue.

CUT TO:

48 BACK ROOM - MINUTES LATER

48

Gates on one side of the little table, Hawk on the other. There's BLUEPRINTS and building plans on the table next to the open briefcase - along with a ZIPPERED BAG OF HEAVY CANVAS with a heavy BULGE in it.

CONTINUED

It's the kind of bag financial institutions use to carry large amounts of cash or other portable valuables, and like those, it is both PADLOCKED and SEALED with a LEAD MONOGRAMMED TAB like the kinds the DWP puts on our meters to keep us honest.

GATES

The safe is in Rutherford's - you know, the auction place? It's in the appraisal room on the eighth floor. You take this little bag-
 (tapping it)
 -switch it for the one you find in the safe -
 (grandly)
 All there is to it.

HAWK

(after a pause, slowly)
 Gates, I know all that money the mob paid you when you were a cop probably confused things morally for you, but I think you got this parole officer thing kind of backwards. See, you're supposed to stop me from committing crimes... not encourage me.

GATES

Listen, smartass, you just bring what's in that safe to my place. I turn it over to my people and you're free as a bird.

HAWK

(rising)
 Go fuck yourself.
 (advisory tone)
 You put a bag over your head, you might even enjoy it -

GATES

I'll tell you who I'm gonna fuck-your Guinea buddy out there.
 (as Hawk reacts)
 See, I know where all the bodies are buried - 'cause I put 'em there myself.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

GATES (Cont'd)

Alex did easy time when he went up
- that cunt Judge felt bad about
his heart condition - but one phone
call from me to the right people
and -

(snap)

I'll put him in prison so deep that
the rats'll squeak in Chinese.

Pause- they're eyeball to eyeball -

Hawk blinks first.

CUT TO:

Hawk and Gates come out. (Hawk is carrying the briefcase, but we don't feature that.) The thinned-out group outside that's been waiting for them to reappear quickly pretends like they're not waiting for them to reappear.

ALEX

(pointedly)
Everything okay?

GATES

Couldn't be better.
(to Hawk)
Right?

HAWK

(tightly)
Right.

GATES

Yeah, Hawk's gonna be real cooperative
from now on. I know, 'cause he's
famous for being a guy that keeps
his word. Wanna give me your hand
on it, Hawkins?

(a challenge -or an order)

Your hand, Hawkins...

Silence as the others watch Gates toy with Hawk.

With a sigh, Hawk extends his hand -

50

NEW ANGLE

50

Gates REACTS as he discovers the finger trap on one of his hands -with a deft MOVE, Hawk steps in, jams Gate's other hand in the trap -

GATES

You son of a bitch -

He tries to hit Hawk but his trapped hands make him helpless.

51

DANNY

51

casually sets one foot out from the bar - catches Gates' ankle -

52

WIDER

52

Gates CRASHES into a row of bar stools. Hawk steps in, grabs his collar, SLAMS him against the wall.

HAWK

You wanna fuck with me, hassle me?
Fine? But you ever - ever -lean
on my friends - get in their face-
(twisting the TRAP)
-it won't be your hand that gets
caught in a wringer - you got that?

GATES

(wincing)
OW! You go too far, convict -

HAWK

Too far? You gave me the Goddamn
road map.

He drags him to the door, throws him bodily out.

53

NEW ANGLE

53

The patrons CHEER. Alex pours Hawk.

ANGELA

All-right! Got that bastard out
of your life!

CAMERA TIGHTENS on Hawk as he reaches for the drink. His eyes drift over to the briefcase.

HAWK

(sotto, downing the drink)
Yeah. I wish.

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED -

53

And as Alex's eyes also narrow, seeing the briefcase, we CUT TO-

CUT TO:

54

A BUSINESS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

54

Well kept and swept, with upscale antique dealers, society doctors in converted residences and a cafe or two. Close to CAMERA is the largest establishment here, RUTHERFORDS Auction House, an eight story edifice with a red velvet canopy extending to the curb.

Now, a DERELICT pushing a shopping cart stumbles towards CAMERA, all his worldly possessions in the usual two glad bags. A well-dressed COUPLE coming out of the cafe give him a wide berth.

The derelict continues on and then with startling agility suddenly hangs a 90 degree turn and darts down the alley alongside Rutherford's.

55

IN THE ALLEY

55

It is, of course, Hawk. He quickly tosses his ratty topcoat and hat into the end of the shopping cart, revealing the dark, snug clothing he had on in the bar. But now we see he's got hobnailed climbing boots on and rapelling links on his waist.

He rips open a glad bag, revealing the zippered bag Gates gave him. He puts it in a backpack which he swings over his shoulder. Then he moves to -

56

THE REAR CORNER OF THE BUILDING

56

where his eyes settle on a telephone pole and the lineman's footholds ten feet up.

HAWK

(sotto, to himself)

No way he can lose...

Hawk steps back, gets a good run going and LEAPS. He CATCHES the lowest footholds and then using his nailed boots muscles himself up.

Quickly, he flies up the pole, CAMERA RISING beside him until he gets to the top.

57

CLOSER

57

Hawk crosses one leg underneath the other and sits casually on the crossbar of the telephone pole, 30 feet up. He rummages in his backpack, finds a Mars bar. He wolfs it down, crumbles the wrapper - is about to toss it when civic pride overtakes him. Instead, he puts it in the sack.

Then he takes out two telescoping metal poles. Holding both side by side, he loops them into a neatly folded NET that has one open, one closed end. Then he begins to EXTEND both poles, sliding them through one hand while the other hangs on to the other end.

Now he's got ten feet of pole and netting. He swings this around, lets it DROP against a window sill on the building. He settles his end on the telephone pole crossbar.

With a SNAP, he YANKS both poles apart.

Presto. He's got a foot wide version of a jungle suspension bridge.

58

FROM BELOW

58

Hawk adjusts his backpack, and then with a few quick steps crosses the bridge, careful to keep his feet on the netting. He gets to the window, gets his bearings... starts to free climb upwards.

59

THE EIGHTH FLOOR

59

Hawk RISES into the shot, catches his breath. He finds a scant inch or so of purchase for his feet, and then pulls a hooked leather harness - the kind mountain climbers use - from his pack and secures it to the window frame with a telescoping pole. Now he can relax.

60

CLOSER

60

He looks all around the window here, finally sees -

61

A SMALL MAGNETIC SENSOR

61

glued to the inside glass of the window.

62

BACK TO SCENE

62

Hawk takes something out of his pack: The fat TOY MAGNET we saw in his apartment.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED -

62

He tapes it to the window opposite the magnetic sensor. Then he takes out a chemist's bottle, one with a funnel spout, like a bicyclist's water bottle. He reaches up, squirts a little into the crack where the window opens.

63 CLOSE ON THE SENSOR

63

The GLUE holding it to the window begins to BUBBLE, lose its adhesion.

64 BACK TO SCENE

64

Hawk uses his magnet to slide the sensor up, up, up along the glass to the extent of its wire. Then he tapes down his magnet again, and takes out a long thin, stiff wire, which he inserts between the panes to flip the window latch.

65 INSIDE

65

Hawk slowly opens the window, stopping a millimeter from the point where the pane he's sliding would touch the sensor on the other pane.

He comes inside, looks around. It's a modest little office, the hunting prints the only indication of Rutherford's downstairs. Most of the room is taken up with the flotsom of old estate sales, some still labled with Lot numbers. Jeweler's tools and scales are in evidence.

And then Hawk sees the safe.

66 FAVORING THE SAFE

66

CAMERA CIRCLES IT as Hawk contemplates it, looking at the dial, the registration and serial numbers on the factory plate. Finally satisfied, he sets down his goodie bag, rummages in it.

And takes out a Sony Walkman. He plugs a serious set of Kloss headphones (the big kind that need an adaptor) into the Walkman, and then plugs an electronic SENSOR into the AUX jacks.

He spits on the rubber cup of the sensor and affixes it to the safe above the dial, and then cranks up the volume on the Walkman.

Now, he begins to spin the dial. The CLICKS from the dial are so loud he WINCES, lowers the volume.

It doesn't take long before there's the CLUNK of the safe bolt.

CONTINUED

66

CONTINUED -

66

Hawk pulls the suction cup off the door with a POP and then quickly tosses the Walkman and its accessories into his bag and swings the safe door open.

67

INSIDE

67

A ZIPPERED BAG identical to the one he's brought.

Hawk takes it. CAMERA ADJUSTS as he weighs it in his hand, feels the shape; he smiles tightly, reaches into his backpack for the one he's brought.

He balances both now, runs his hand over the shapes inside. Identical. A bit impressed at the intelligence network this sort of planning indicates, he switches the bags, closes the safe door, moves to the window.

He's halfway out when he thinks of something. CAMERA TRACKS HIM BACK to the safedoor and then PUSHES IN ON IT.

Yup. There's a little round circle where the suction cup held.

HAWK
(disappointed in himself)
Hawkins, you're getting sloppy...

He rubs the circle out with his sleeve, takes one last look around and goes out the window.

68

OUTSIDE

68

He dangles on the harness, slowly lowers the window with the stiff wire.

69

CLOSER

69

Ever-so-carefully, he SLIDES the kid's magnet along the glass until the sensor is where it used to be. Then he takes out the solvent bottle again.

The glue bubbles for a moment; Hawk COUNTS to himself, takes a breath - REMOVES the magnet.

The sensor STAYS PUT. Hawk smiles, pulls the wire from between the window frames, descends below the window to his earlier perch. He reaches up, pokes the harness. It falls towards him and he loops it over his neck and continues downward towards -

/0

THE NET BRIDGE

70

which bends under his weight again -

71 ON THE TELEPHONE CROSS BAR 71

Hawk folds up the collapsable poles -

72 ON THE POLE UPRIGHT 72

He's dropping like a lumberjack -

73 A POLICEMAN 73

Stands sillouhettted in the alley, backlit from the ritzy street.

POLICEMAN

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

He approaches the CAMERA, which adjusts to show a startled DERELICT just now adjusting his belongings in his cart.

HAWK

(his voice wheezy)

Just tryin' to get warm, officer.

POLICEMAN

I'll warm your fucking ass, you Goddamn wino!

He SWINGS his club against the cart, once, twice. Hawk obsequiously and semi-drunkenly hurries away, COLLIDING for effect with the building wall before he's out of sight.

The cop hikes up his pants, proud he's Protected and Served.

CUT TO:

74 INT. GATES' APARTMENT - NIGHT 74

Hawk comes into the room, moving quickly to get out of the backlit doorway. He turns on the light.

75 GATES' APARTMENT - HAWK'S P.O.V. 75

Sad furniture from Wicke's, bookshelves with nothing but five years of Hustler neatly stacked. Radio Shack stereo, cheap light fixtures, shag rug.

Only major bucks spent on an incongruously large TV with a well worn barcalounger serving as the orchestra seat. If we hadn't already met Gates we'd feel sorry for him.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED -

75

HAWK

Gates? I got your goodies.

GATES

In here, goniff.

Hawk moves to the kitchen. Reacts a bit to the group there.

76

NEW ANGLE

76

Gates is seated at the table, clearly nervous. Also at the table is DIMATTO, Hawk's age but looking a decade older with his slicked hair and slicker suit with 30 extra pounds in it. They've been working on some deli and drinks while they waited.

Standing in the corner is DiMatto's BODYGUARD, a hulking kid whose mother thinks he has a real job. But even this fullback is dwarfed by the seven foot tall African in the Savile Row suit who commands Hawk's attention.

It is, of course, Um'shaka.

HAWK

Looks like it's my deal. High low, bump at the end for a card.

No response; it's a cold, chilly group, like the drug dealers in THE FRENCH CONNECTION. All eyes on the canvas bag.

DiMATTO

Let's see it, Hawkins.

Hawkins shrugs, moves closer with the sack. Di Matto takes out a keyring with several keys, quickly finds one that fits, opens the lock, and takes out a CLAY STATUE OF A HORSE with one hoof gracefully raised. Of course, we saw this before, centuries ago, but now Hawk watches as it is passed from DiMatto to the African.

77

CLOSER ON UM'SHAKA

77

He takes out a jeweler's loupe and peers at every nook and cranny on the piece.

As he crinkles his cheek to hold the loupe in place the TRIBAL SCARS on his face are thrown into sharp relief.

DiMATTO

(to the African)

Well? Is it okay or not?

CONTINUED

77

CONTINUED -

77

UM'SHAKA
 (putting away the loupe)
 Absolutely. Da Vinci's last
 commission for the Duke of Milan.
 Priceless and irreplaceable.

78

FAVORING HAWK

78

has been helping himself to some food. Now he raises an eyebrow at Um'Shaka's diction. Gates leans close, whispers:

GATES
 (sotto)
 Weirdest fucking nigger I ever met.

Did Um'Shaka hear this? Maybe; but in any case he suddenly raises the horse over his head and SMASHES it on the floor. Everyone JUMPS.

79

NEW ANGLE

79

Um'shaka leans forward, pokes at the debris with his umbrella. There's something in the mess. He kneels, picks it up.

It's a SCRAP of OILCLOTH. He OPENS it, REVEALING a FILIGREED and TOOTHED RING OF METAL hinged and folded in half.

He unfolds it. The others in the room look at it, puzzled (but of course we recognize it from Da Vinci's workshop.) Um'Shaka puts it back in the oilcloth, pockets it.

UM'SHAKA
 Our business is completed...
 (pause)
 For the moment.

All but Gates and Hawk move to leave.

HAWK
 Hey. Don't you think somebody's gonna notice we left them a horse from K-Mart?

DiMATTO
 You weren't hired to think, Hawkins.

HAWK
 I wasn't hired at all.

CONTINUED

79

CONTINUED -

79

GATES

(rising)

Yo, DiMatto. I think Dr. J, there forgot something.

He rubs his fingers together.

UM'SHAKA

Ah. You want something from the weird fucking nigger?

Um'shaka steps forward, snapping his right arm down oddly. We HEAR a CLICK sound and then he waves his fingertips across Gates' necks. It's so fast we don't see shit, but there's a THWACK noise, and then the African is turning towards the door and the Yuppie Mafioso and his bodyguard have turned as well.

80

NEW ANGLE

80

Hawk looks at Gates, whose face is frozen with its avaricious expression. Then Gates' EYES ROLL and his KNEES BUCKLE.

A thin red line BLOSSOMS under his jaw... then GUSHES.

He FALLS to the floor, throat SLIT.

81

HAWK

81

HAWK

Jesus Christ - !

He looks from the body to the doorway. Di Matto and his soldier are trying not to look as rattled as Hawk, without success. They quickly EXIT. The African calmly adjusts his homburg, then salutes Hawk with the umbrella.

UM'SHAKA

Ta-ta.

He closes the door.

82

HIGH ANGLE

82

Hawk looks at the body, the shattered statue.

HAWK

Holy fucking shit.

He sits down... and opens a beer with a POP.

CUT TO:

Hawk is pacing the tiny room, the shattered horse on a cloth on the table. Alex leans his elbows on the Sunday Times.

HAWK

(in mid-speech)
- then, this guy - Umgowa, or something, talks like he plays basketball for the BBC? He goes, whup, slices Gates like a tomato in a ginsu knife commerical! And then they're gone, and I'm there with a flat beer and a pickle in my hand - Jesus!

ALEX

Hawk, you want to bounce off the walls or off of me? Say something that makes some sense.

HAWK

Sense? Gates busts my ass to steal this thing - then they smash it to pieces, take out a little brass wheel! Does that make sense?

ALEX

About as much sense as you working for that bastard Gates. What the hell did he have on you to make you bend over like that?

HAWK

He had a fucking badge, okay?

ALEX

(almost idly, leafing through the newspaper)
You say it was a clay horse-?

HAWK

Yeah, with one foot up, like you see in Central Park, only this one didn't have the Civil War General - and it had like lines on it - lines or-

ALEX

Seams?

HAWK

Yeah. Real neat ones with real faint numbers in each one - like those-

CONTINUED

ALEX

- like those charts the butchers
use for cuts of meat?

Now Hawk is looking at him very suspiciously.

ALEX(cont'd)

But these lines, they indicate the
different sections that would be
cast in bronze, when the preliminary
model of the horse would become a
full size statue -

Hawk gets it, now. He steps quickly over to Alex and reaches into
his lap, grabbing the New York Times Sunday magazine section.

The article across the two open pages is about an upcoming auction
at Rutherford's. There's a black and white picture of the horse.
Hawk looks at this and then at the cover of the magazine - the
horse is there, too, in full color - Alex shrugs. Hawk glares at
him, reads aloud:

HAWK

"...rare collection of Renaissance..."
yadda yadda... "a Rutherford's
spokesperson said" - God, I hate
that word - yadda, yadda - ah! "...but
the highlight of the sale is the
- the Svizorza-

ALEX

-"Sforza"-

HAWK

You got five minutes with the article
and you're an expert?

ALEX

I got fifty years being Italian.
"Sforza."

HAWK

"Sforza horse, by Leonardo da
Vinci.... The Rutherford's catalogue
estimates it will sell for in excess
of 200 thousand dollars..."

Hawk breaks off with a low whistle.

CONTINUED

ALEX

Quarter of a mill, and they smashed it? What happens when they try and auction it off?

HAWK

Nothing. The fake I put in its place was identical.

ALEX

To you and me, maybe. But they got experts. X-rays, carbonal dating, all that stuff. Somebody's gotta find out sooner or later.

HAWK

What if it's later?

(thinking aloud)

Meanwhile - whoever did this -for whatever reason - they wanted it secret... so -

(looking at the article)

Tomorrow, some rich sucker is gonna pay 250 grand for a plaster nag. How do you think they'll feel when they find out?

ALEX

Semi-pissed?

HAWK

Uh-huh. They might even be semi-grateful to somebody who kept them from being burned.

(closing the magazine)

I don't know who was pulling Gate's string, or what's going on - but whoever buys that fake is somebody with the same enemies as me... and they're going to be my new best friend....

As Hawk regards him, really thinking about it, we

CUT TO:

PAN Hawk from the lobby as he enters the auction room. Bored WORKMEN in coveralls contrast with the elegant surroundings as they lug various items out of the back room and place them on a carpeted podium stand.

CONTINUED

85

CONTINUED -

85

AUCTIONEER

(in mid speech)

--beautiful example of Florentine
marble in this eighteenth century
side table. Who will start it at
\$16,000?

Someone raises their PADDLE as Hawk finds an aisle seat.

AUCTIONEER

(pointing)

\$16,000.

(another paddle)

\$18,000... \$20,000... \$22,000...
once, twice... Sold for \$22,000 to
bidder number Four... next up, Lot
Fifteen, a filligree wall sconce
attributed to the Cellini school...

As bidding CONTINUES Hawk can't help but notice

86

A PRETTY WOMAN NEXT TO HIM

86

whose serious suit can't hide the lines of her body. She's
peering over her catalog.

87

BACK TO SCENE

87

HAWK

(sotto, to her)

If they really want to move some
stuff, they ought to put some walkers
and hearing aids in that catalog.

WOMAN

Excuse me?

HAWK

The crowd; I think we're the only
people here with our own teeth.
I haven't seen so many fossils since
the last revival of One Million B.C.

She looks at him, totally unamused. Hawk shrugs, looks around the
room as another ITEM IS AUCTIONED (dialogue to come.)

88

PATRONS - HIS P.O.V.

88

CAMERA PANS several PEOPLE notable only for their air of
affluence. But then the CAMERA SETTLES on one man - A wing
collared, moustachioed and monacled GERMAN.

89

BACK TO SCENE

89

HAWK

Ah ha. Cooking up something today,
aren't we, Adolph?

Hawk looks across the room at the man's auction paddle, writes
a note to himself.

HAWK

Number 23.

Hawk's pretty smug about his psychic hunch, but now he notices

90

A KING FAROUK TYPE

90

with a blonde of granddaughterish age on his arm.

91

BACK TO SCENE

91

Hawk thinks for a moment, writes down this guy's paddle number,
too. Then he notices -

92

A CLASSIC MAFIOSO TYPE

92

direct from Sicily - in fact, he now OUTBIDS the others for the
item at hand.

93

BACK TO SCENE

93

Hawk's getting unsure now.

94

THE AUCTIONEER - RESUME

94

AUCTIONEER

Now we come to lot number 17...
the jewel of today's sale - the Sforza
horse -

95

CAMERA ADJUSTS as an AIDE brings it in on a VELVET COVERED
TRAY. "Ooooh's" and "ahhh's" from the crowd.

95

96

HAWK

96

GROANS inwardly, uses his foot to kick his satchel under his seat.

97

BACK TO SCENE

97

AUCTIONEER

As I'm sure you know, this is Leonardo Da Vinci's study for the equestrian statue of the Duke of Milan that was in fact never executed. As your catalogues will tell you, this piece was part of the Nazi loot taken from Italy during the war and was believed lost for 45 years. There have naturally been questions regarding its authenticity, so with us today to verify its pedigree is Doctor Anna Baragli of the Imperial Museum in London. Dr. Baragli?

To Hawk's surprise his seatmate rises.

HAWK

You?

ANNA

(sweetly)
Some of us fossilize at an early age.

She goes to the front of the room, opening her purse.

98

HAWK

98

gets nervous as -

99

ANNA

99

puts on glasses, takes out a magnifying glass.

ANNA

(aside to the auctioneer)
This won't take long - I did the preliminary last week -

100

HAWK

100

his breath catches in his throat -

101

ANNA

101

A suspensful moment - then -

ANNA

Absolutely perfect. I wish my museum had authorized me to bid for it.

102 HAWK 102

puzzled he watches her return to his side as the Auctioneer
BEGINS.

AUCTIONEER

We'll begin the bidding at 50,000
dollars. To you, sir. 55, 60 -your
bid, madame - 65 -
(glancing off to the
side)
70 thousand on the phone from
Pittsburgh -

103 AUCTION AIDE ON PHONE 103

FOCUS CHANGE from her to Hawk.

HAWK

Pittsburgh -?

He watches

104 THE BIDDERS 104

among them, the ones we've featured, as the BIDDING rises,
feverish, and our "suspects" bid and re-bid.

105 HAWK 105

making notes, trying to keep up - the GIRL beside him looks at him
curiously -

AUCTIONEER

Seventy two thousand - Seventy three
- Seventy four on the phone - seventy
five to you, sir -seventy six -Seventy
seven, new bidder, thank you-

On "New bidder" Hawk has turned and now REACTS as he SEES -

106 A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE OLD NUN 106

who now raises her paddle again as the price hits

AUCTIONEER

-eighty five - ninety -

107 BACK TO SCENE

107

Hawk can't believe this. He turns to Anna.

HAWK

A nun?

ANNA

A lot of charitable organisations are investing in art and antiquities. She's probably got funds from an orphanage or something.

HAWK

An orphanage?

He gets up, starts to move along the aisle like someone in a movie theatre.

HAWK

Excuse me - excuse me -

AUCTIONEER

One hundred fifty! I'm bid one sixty, one seventy, two hundred thousand, thank you - Two twenty on the phone -

108

NEW ANGLE

108

CAMERA PUSHES past Hawk to someone in the middle of the room. It is LADY QUEENSBOROUGH. Now, as we WATCH, she casually MOVES from her chair to one BEHIND a LARGE PILLAR.

109

WITH HAWK

109

he sidles up to the Nun, who meanwhile is still bidding with her paddle.

HAWK

Excuse me, Sister -

NUN

Young man, please -

HAWK

I really don't think you should be doing this -

NUN

Nonsense. Saint Anthony's made a killing last year with Warhol. Built a whole new rectory.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED -

109

She raises her paddle with a vengeance.

AUCTIONEER

Two fifty! I am bid two fifty.
Do I hear Two seventy five?

HAWK

Sister, there's something you ought
to know about this horse -

AUCTIONEER

Two fifty, to bidder 106. Eighty,
going once - going twice - going,
going -

He raises his gavel -

AUCTIONEER

GO -

110 VERY WIDE

110

Before he can finish "GONE", an EXPLOSION boils out of the wall
below a heating vent and ENGULFS the room! Hawk DIVES for cover
-sweeps the Nun down to the floor with him -

111 ANNA

111

is knocked off her feet - DEBRIS SMASHES the horse to bits and
injures the Auctioneer -

112 NEW ANGLE

112

the people in the first few rows bear the brunt of it, SCREAM and
MOAN, while those behind PANIC as now a section of ceiling FALLS
IN and FLAMES begin to RISE -

113 HAWK

113

gets on shaky feet. He helps the Nun up... she stumbles away...
Hawk turns in time to see -

114 ANNA

114

getting TRAMPLED as she tries to rise -

115

BACK TO SCENE

115

Hawk runs forward, helps her to her feet, pushes through the mob.

HAWK

You hurt?

ANNA

I - I don't think so -

HAWK

(looking up)

Shit -

116

HIS POINT OF VIEW

116

A BEAM now CREAKS DOWN from the damaged ceiling, making a PILLAR sway wildly - then TOPPLE.

117

BACK TO SCENE

117

Hawk DIVES on Anna, knocking her aside. She rolls against some curtains, safe - but

18

HAWK

118

can only COVER HIS FACE as a shitload of stuff FALLS ON TOP OF HIM. DEBRIS AVALANCHES OVER THE CAMERA and we're in -

BLACK.

FADE IN:

119

INT. AMBULANCE - ON HAWK -DAY

119

superficially cut, dirty, Hawk STIRS into consciousness on a gurney. We HEAR the WAIL of the ambulance SIREN.

VOICE

He's coming around...

SOUNDS of people moving closer.

HAWK

(eyes focusing)

Whew. I thought I'd be bullshitting Saint Peter by now -

He BREAKS off, his smile fading - he's just SEEN -

120 THE TWO MEN IN THE AMBULANCE - HIS POV 120
 They are DiMatto and his bodyguard, the latter in paramedic whites!

121 WIDER 121
 Hawk starts to rise - the bodyguard raises a pistol.

HAWK
 You sons of bitches. You did that, back there, didn't you? Why? To cover your tracks?

DiMATTO
 Like my old man used to say, you can't make omelettes without you break some eggs. And Mr. Hawkins..? I'm afraid you're one of them.

HAWK
 Yeah? From over here, fatso, you look like Humpty Dumpty to me.

And Hawk suddenly KICKS DiMatto in the face, immediately rolling off the gurney and TACKLING the bodyguard.

122 OUTSIDE THE AMBULANCE - TRAVELING 122
 DiMatto's head SNAPS back into the side window, STARRING it.

123 INSIDE THE AMBULANCE 123
 While DiMatto GROANS on the floor Hawk struggles with the bodyguard for the pistol. It FIRES into the ceiling.

THE DRIVER
 Jesus Christ!

124 THE WEST SIDE HIGHWAY 124
 where the ambulance SWERVES in and out of its lane, SIDESWIPES another car.

125 HAWK 125
 CHOPS the gun out of the bodyguard's hand. It CLATTERS on the metal floor but then DiMatto has recovered from the kick and grabs Hawk from behind. As Hawk struggles -

126 THE BODYGUARD 126
 RECOVERS the pistol - Hawk GRABS a TRAY of MEDICAL GEAR, THROWS IT-

127 WIDER 127
 the bodyguard SCREAMS as SYRINGES and SCAPELS quiver in his face and chest - he STAGGERS back into the REAR DOORS which OPEN -

128 THE STREET 128
 The bodyguard TUMBLES from the ambulance - but GRABS Hawk! Both men TUMBLE out - the bodyguard BOUNCES on the street -one car SWERVES and avoids him - WHAM! A second car DOESN'T-

129 HAWK 129
 has managed to GRAB the gurney - he's still mostly inside the ambulance but then one of the LEATHER STRAPS that keeps the gurney from rolling around on the road SNAPS and the gurney FALLS OUT!

130 EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY 130
 Hawk just manages to dive on the gurney as it BOUNCES on the road! A SHEET is halfway in, halfway out of the vehicle, caught on medical gear - now, the SECOND LEATHER STRAP breaks and the GURNEY ROLLS BACK - the SHEET yanks TAUGHT - Hawk is "water skiing" on his stomach down the highway!

131 IN THE AMBULANCE 131
 DiMatto STIRS from where Hawk dropped him - SEES the sheet holding the gurney - moves towards it -

132 HAWK 132
 sees DiMatto's move and begins to PULL HIMSELF UP THE SHEET, hand over hand, while the gurney swings SIDE TO SIDE, narrowly missing cars -

133 IN THE AMBULANCE 133
 Just as DiMatto releases the caught sheet, Hawk DIVES from the gurney back into the ambulance and tackles DiMatto!

- 134 THE GURNEY 134
gets HIT by a TRUCK and goes FLIPPING through the air -
- 135 IN THE AMBULANCE 135
Hawk PUNCHES away at DiMatto, whose 250 pounds SLAM into the front partition, COLLAPSING it - the driver gets SLAMMED by the pressboard wall, loses control -
- 136 THE AMBULANCE 136
SWERVES wildly, CAREENS down a dead end and SAILS through a cyclone fence.
- 137 LOW ANGLE 137
The big van soars over the edge of the West Side Highway and and SOMERSALTS onto its back below!
- 138 CLOSER 138
the driver's head is through the window - he's finished. The rear of the van is crumpled like yesterday's milk carton.
Pause. Hawk crawls through a broken window, bloodied, torn, dazed. He gets on unsteady feet when he HEARS a SOUND. He turns.
- 139 FAVORING DI MATTO - NEARBY 139
he's on his feet, thousand dollar suit in shreds... and thousand dollar gun pointed right at Hawk.
DiMATTO
Okay, asshole. Somebody's dying
and it sure ain't me.
Hawk FREEZES, helpless, waiting for the shot. BAM! It comes.
Pause. DiMatto BLINKS and then BLOOD drips from where his right eye used to be. He FALLS OVER.
HAWK
Wrong again.
Hawk looks around and then spots someone across and above the rubble and garbage filled field here: A dark suited MAN with a BREAKDOWN 'SCOPED RIFLE.

140

HAWK

140

REACTS, astonished - starts to move - a second SHOT RICOCHETS near his feet.

141

WIDER

141

a LIMOUSINE SLAMS to a halt on the embankment. A MAN looking like a freshly minted MBA gets out. The guy with the rifle POINTS. The new arrival, RICHARD MILLER, stands on the embankment, arms akimbo.

MILLER

Mr. Hawkins, I presume. In the car please.

HAWK

Who the fuck are you?

MILLER

Uncle Sam.

Hawk laughs bitterly, looks at DiMatto's body.

HAWK

Bullshit. Let's see some ID.

Miller nods at the rifleman. Another SHOT at Hawk's feet.

HAWK

That'll do.

CUT TO:

142

INT. MILLER'S LIMOUSINE

142

WIDEN from Miller's wallet. There's a glimpse of a badge and a picture, then it shuts.

Hawk's in the back, Miller beside him, the rifleman on the seat opposite.

HAWK

(about the wallet)
I didn't get much of a glimpse there.

MILLER

Few people do.

HAWK

Federal Security whatzits -

CONTINUED

MILLER

We don't get much press. Better that way. My name's Miller. You can call me Richard.

HAWK

"Richard"? Nah... you'll always be Dick to me.

Hawk looks around. There's a full bar handy, which he's happy to test drive.

HAWK

(taking ice, casual)
Funny, you showing up just in time.
Or... maybe not so funny?

MILLER

DiMatto was working for us.

HAWK

The Mob, working for the Feds? Didn't learn much from the Bay of Pigs, did you?

MILLER

(tightly)
Before my time. He said he had a connection to an excellent thief - he was right. But clearly the man was incapable of closing things out. I'm embarrassed and very sorry about that, back there. Killing you was never authorized.

HAWK

What about blowing up Rutherford's? What was that?

MILLER

Necessary.

HAWK

Tell that to the widows and orphans.

MILLER

You think this is a game, Hawkins? You're way out of your league. They'll get higher before we're done.

CONTINUED

HAWK

I got news for you, junior. We are done. You can drop me off at the nearest police station and explain what's necessary to them.

MILLER

Funny. You have another job to do, Hawkins. We want you to steal a manuscript. Very old, very priceless... very important.

HAWK

I don't think so. And you've got no cards to play with me.

Miller sighs, almost like a guy folding a poker hand he's been bluffing with - but then the other guy suddenly turns on Hawk, SLAMS him against the seat, gets him in a headlock. Miller whips out an expensive gravity knife, presses the blade against Hawk's neck.

MILLER

(getting right in his face)

Listen, you little two-bit shit, do you know who you're dealing with here? We're the people who make fucking Senators and Presidents shit their pants. People we like get to run whole countries. People who cross us get to watch their balls float in the bathroom sink right before we blow their brains all over the mirror. You think that asshole Gates had juice? We're fucking Tropicana!

His point made, he puts the knife away, backs off. The other guy releases Hawk.

HAWK

(after a moment, very evenly)

Gates was a scum sucking corrupt pig who sold his badge the day he got it. What's your excuse, Miller?

MILLER

Patriotism.

Miller hands Hawk a fat envelope and a book.

CONTINUED

142 CONTINUED - (3) 142

MILLER

Your homework. Final exams are next week. You can start studying on the plane to London.

HAWK

London?

CUT TO:

143 A PLANE - NIGHT 143

TAXIING away from the gate -

144 HAWK - ON PLANE - AT A WINDOW SEAT 144

He looks glumly past the man on the aisle seat (the rifleman who killed DiMatto) at Miller, who is across the aisle with headphones on. Then he looks at the book and papers in his lap. The book is a guide to the Imperial Museum, London.

One of the papers is a folded FLOOR PLAN of the museum with a red circle marked "CASE W/ MANUSCRIPT."

Miller suddenly appears, hovering over Hawk.

MILLER

(sotto)

Hey, if you need anything for the jet lag - uppers, downers? I got some quality stuff.

HAWK

If it's yours, I'm sure it's in suppository form.

(grabbing his arm)

Miller. One question: Just who are you working for?

Miller smiles flatly, returns to his seat. Hawk sighs, settles back... and happens to glance out the window.

145 THE TERMINAL - HIS POV 145

Is there a tall BLACK MAN in a homburg behind the tinted glass, umbrella in one hand, overnighter in the other?

146 HAWK 146

LOOKS again, nose against the glass -

147 THE TERMINAL 147
nothing now -

148 HAWK 148
rubs his neck, paranoid - the ENGINES REV and we

CUT TO:

149 EXT. IMPERIAL MUSEUM - LONDON -DAY 149
Hugging the Thames, Tower Bridge nearby. CAMERA ADJUSTS as a London CAB pulls up.
Hawk gets out. He puzzles over the English coins in his hand -the cabbie picks out the correct ones - then Hawk starts for then entrance, joining a queue of TOURISTS and ART LOVERS entering the building. We notice he's got a canvas bag over his shoulder.
Near the entrance he hesitates, one hand to his neck in a classic paranoid's gesture - he looks back -

150 ACROSS THE STREET 150
Miller is on a Park bench.

151 BACK TO SCENE 151
Hawk makes like he's pushing his tourist's sunglasses back onto the bridge of his nose...
...with his middle finger. Then he turns, goes into the museum.

152 INT. IMPERIAL --DAY 152
Some JAPANESE TOURISTS are clicking away with their battery of cameras: They're shooting the walls, the exhibits, each other. But gradually the machine-gun like CLICK-CLICK-CLICK of these heavily equipped shutterbugs is replaced by a MURMUR from the Tokyo contingent and one by one they stop taking pictures and begin to move with awestruck expressions towards -

153 HAWK 153
who has opened his camera bag and taken out an amazing collection of 35mm's, a Hasselblad and a video still camera, all of which hang from his neck along with both a direct and a reflective light reader.

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED -

153

Hawk CLICKS AWAY shots with each camera, and only when he is switching lenses does he notice his audience.

They APPLAUD.

He smiles, moves into another room. He's very professional, very intent. They go back to shooting the EXHIBITS. But Hawk aims his camera at -

154 A LOCKED DOOR

154

ZOOM to the cylinder. SNAP.

155 HAWK AND HIS P.O.V. -QUICK CUTS

155

as he snaps

A) THE RAFTERS

B) THE WINDOWS

C) THE ELECTRIC AND SECURITY CONDUITS

156 BACK TO SCENE

156

Hawk changes film, so experienced at it he doesn't have to look. He sneaks a peek at the

157 FOLDED BLUEPRINT

157

in his bag and the circled area.

158 BACK TO SCENE

158

Hawk FOLLOWS the floor plan and then looks up, finding himself face to face with -

159 A BIG SECURE CABINET

159

CAMERA PUSHES to an old BOOK inside the case which is propped open to a BEAUTIFUL DRAWING we all know of a MAN inside a CIRCLE. A SIGN identifies the book:

"THE DA VINCI CODEX"

160

HAWK

160

as it REGISTERS -

HAWK

(sotto)
Da Vinci again...?

He begins to PHOTOGRAPH the cabinet. Now he shoots the room proper, and then he SMILES slightly as he looks down at

161

A VERY SHAPELY PAIR OF LEGS - IN THE VIEWFINDER

161

162

BACK TO SCENE

162

Hawk pans the camera up and down the entire woman.

It's his pretty friend from the Auction. She is leading a GROUP through the Italian section here.

ANNA

(in mid-lecture)
Da Vinci ranks with Aristotle and Einstein as one of the greatest scientific minds of all time. But it is his gift as an inventor who drew together science and art that is most incredible:

She hesitates, SEEING Hawk and clearly recognizing him as he joins the group. She almost seems to swallow a smile, then she WAVES at a series of DRAWINGS - reproductions of Da Vinci's sketches - which run along the wall. She gestures to each in turn:

ANNA(cont'd)

His untiring pen predicted the airplane... the submarine... even the bicycle. Here is his statue at the airport in Rome - and in his hand, a model of an autogyro - a helicopter he designed four centuries before any actually flew.

(moving on)

Some of his sketches - like these

-

163 CLOSER ON THE PICTURES

163

ANNA'S VOICE

- for field artillery and what can only be called a primitive tank frightened him, because he knew that technology could often be used to a bad end.

164 BACK TO SCENE

164

Anna MOVES towards a large blow up of Da Vinci's handwriting.

ANNA(cont'd)

So he developed a secret code for his more dangerous designs, writing in a sort of shorthand Italian in a reverse script which had to be read in a mirror. These drawings and sketches I've shown you are from a book we are fortunate to have here on loan from the Met -

165 AT THE CABINET

165

ANNA(cont'd)

The Da Vinci Codex. It will remain on exhibit here for two more weeks; then it will be leaving the museum -

HAWK

(sotto)

- you can say that again -

ANNA

I'm sorry, was that a question in the back?

HAWK

Ah, no, no question about it.

ANNA

Thank you all for joining us here at the Imperial. I hope you'll be returning, and I hope you'll visit our gift shop and pick out a souvenir.

HAWK

I already have.

CUT TO:

166

INT. MUSEUM - OUTSIDE GIFT SHOP - DAY

166

Hawk comes out, carrying two books, several brochures and even a postcard of the Mona Lisa: We realize that he's on the scent now and is cramming his Da Vinci.

He puts these things in his bag, takes a few last shots of the building's skylights and then runs off the roll.

ANNA'S VOICE

Most of our visitors photograph the collection...

CAMERA ADJUSTS to show Anna. She's on a bench nearby.

ANNA(cont'd)

...not the building.

Hawk looks at her. She's just now putting on her second sneaker and tossing her pumps in her purse.

She's got a Dodgers jacket on over her serious blouse and looks less intimidating and more appealing than before.

HAWK

But the building... isn't it a work of art itself? Ah... "the finest evocation of a Renaissance Palazzo outside of the Italian Peninsula"?

Anna closes the velcro flaps on her tennies, saunters over.

ANNA

Nice. But right out of our brochure.

HAWK

Oh, you read that...

ANNA

I wrote that. You know, I owe you my life.

HAWK

Don't exaggerate.

ANNA

Well, maybe a limb or two. I wondered what happened to you afterwards.

HAWK

Some guys I know gave me a lift.
(extending his hand)
Hudson Hawkins. My friends call me Hawk. You're, uh, Anita? Arlene-?

CONTINUED

166

CONTINUED -

166

She smiles; takes one of the books out of his arms. He looks at it: "THE PROMISE AND THE CURSE: DA VINCI'S INVENTIONS AND THEIR EFFECT ON THE WORLD."

Hawk looks at it, doesn't get it; she raises her eyebrows and he turns over the book.

167

CLOSER

167

Her picture is on the back, taken, in fact, on the balcony of this very building.

She has her chin on her hands, serious eyeglasses held between two fingers, as if she's toying with the idea of dropping them over the edge: "DOCTOR ANNA BARAGLI."

HAWK

Ah. Anna, right.

(weighing the book)

Heavy stuff.

(opening it, reading
the back flyleaf)

"Doctor Anna Baragli is the youngest director of any major museum in Europe. A world renowned expert on the Renaissance in General and Da Vinci in particular, this is her first book aimed at the layman -"

(he does a big take)

"-her hobbies are -"

(he looks at her, eyes
probing)

swimming -

(she reacts)

- tennis -

ANNA

Wait a minute, it doesn't say that in there - how did -

She grabs for the book. He pulls it away playfully.

HAWK

(still "reading")

- gourmet cooking -

(a bigger reaction)

- and long walks on the River near her home."

He closes the book.

CONTINUED

HAWK

Her last boyfriend was an academic
lox who chose his career over her.
She's finally over that schmuck,
and now she's ready for someone new...
exciting... mysterious... and most
of all... fun.

ANNA

(finally)
H-how did you do that?

HAWK

I'm psychic?

ANNA

If you're psychic, what am I thinking?

HAWK

That I'm full of shit with this
psychic crap.

She laughs.

ANNA

Really. Tell me.

HAWK

How about over dinner? Tonight?

ANNA

I'm busy. How about Tuesday night?

HAWK

T-tuesday night - ?

ANNA

Sure. Right after the museum closes.

HAWK

I'll be... busy... right after the
museum closes. How about later,
say, nine? Say, right near
here...that boat thing across the
river? They know you there, you
can get us a good table.

She reacts to what is clearly another accurate remark, then takes
her book. She pulls a pen from behind her ear, writes in the book
- and hands it to him.

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED - (2) 167

HAWK
(looking at it, stumbling
a bit)
"Fronti nulla..." Latin?
(she nods)
What's it mean?

ANNA
It means a little mystery goes both
ways.

She grins, then turns and fairly jogs out of the building. Hawk looks at her picture on the book, grins. Then he turns and takes one last look at -

168 THE CODEX IN THE CABINET - LONG SHOT - HIS P.O.V. 168
CAMERA PUSHES to it.

169 BACK TO SCENE 169
Hawk goes out of the museum, whistling.

CUT TO:

170 INT. HAWK'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 170
He's looking at Anna's book.

171 CLOSE ON PAGES - QUICK SHOTS 171
featuring phrases: "...dangerous vision..." "feared his
inventions would be misused..." "secret writings..."
"confrontation with alchemists..." "steam and hydrodynamic
power..." "...experiments with the power of sunlight and
mirrors..."

172 BACK TO SCENE 172
Hawk shakes his head, puzzled. Then he looks at the INSCRIPTION she wrote. He turns to a bookmark in a LATIN DICTIONARY, lays this aside Anna's handwriting... smiles as he reads:

173 INSCRIPTION AND TRANSLATION - SIDE BY SIDE 173
"Fronti nulla fides: Don't judge a book by its cover."

174 BACK TO SCENE 174
 He thinks about that.... then moves to -

175 A TABLE 175
 where, beneath the tacked up BLUEPRINT and dozens of his PHOTOGRAPHS we see a pile of model supplies, glue - and a SCALE MODEL OF THE MUSEUM he has created.
 Now, his EYES on the BLUEPRINT and one hand in the model which he "walks" along like a yellow pages ad, he picks up a STOPWATCH and "runs" through the museum.

176 HIS HAND AND THE BLUEPRINT - INTERCUT 176
 as CAMERA PANS both past items marked ENTRY ALARM, MOVEMENT DETECTOR #1, MOVEMENT DETECTOR #2, #3, to INFRA-RED DETECTOR to SILENT ALARM OVERRIDE where our CAMERA STOPS.
 HAWK'S VOICE
 Thirty seconds.

177 HAWK - AT THE MODEL 177
 HAWK(cont'd)
 Thirty seconds? Shit...

CUT TO:

178 A LONDON PARK - PARKING LOT NEAR GRASS - DAY 178
 whistling, Hawk strolls through the empty parking lot, pushing along a real estate chalk marker. From time to time he checks a drawing in his hand: The floor plan of the museum.
 MUSIC BEGINS - something for this sequence we might call "HOMEBOY'S HOMEWORK."
 Hawk passes a LITTLE GIRL on her bike. She looks at him, curious. He smiles at her, then tosses the chalk marker on the grass at the edge of the parking lot, where he's left his own bicycle and a gym bag. Now, he takes off his sweatshirt, moves to the end of his giant drawing, sets his wristwatch to stopwatch mode... and races through the giant drawing!

CUT TO:

179 HAWK - IN BED - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 179

Reading a book TREASURES OF THE IMPERIAL. He puts it aside. Eyes closed, he traces something in the air... left, right, right, left.

By now we know that pattern. The floor plan.

CUT TO:

180 HAWK - LOW ANGLE - DAY 180

racing through his parking lot sketch again, clearly faster and more assured than before.

CAMERA WIDENS and we SEE that the little girl and some of her FRIENDS are FOLLOWING HIM and duplicating his every move!

When he finishes at the tree, the kids are right behind him, one, two, three. They high five each other. Hawk turns, sees an ICE CREAM TRUCK passing by.

He flags down the guy, hands a few bucks to the little girl who leads the gang away and towards the truck.

Alone now, Hawk checks his time on the watch again, very pleased. He stretches out under the tree, takes out a bag lunch and a bottle of Evian - but first treats himself to a Mars bar.

CUT TO:

181 EXT. IMPERIAL MUSEUM - NIGHT 181

PAN from the Thames, to the museum. A BOBBY patrols here, moves on.

As he passes, a SHADOWY FIGURE darts across the top of a narrow Thames balustrade, balancing like an acrobat.

182 OTHER SIDE OF WALL 182

It's Hawk, the gear we've come to expect strapped and belted in place, face darkened like a linesman or a guerilla. Taking out a tool, he moves to -

183 A WINDOW 183

Where he tapes a little CURRENT DETECTOR opposite a sensor. It BLINKS with LED LIGHT. CAMERA MOVES with Hawk down the wall to a big, locked TELEPHONE CIRCUIT BOX.

184 CLOSER 184

Effortlessly, Hawk picks the lock, takes off the cover, revealing the rat's nest of colored phone lines.

These he pushes aside like a surgeon until he sees several dozen DIFFERENT COLORED WIRES running perpendicularly through the box.

He smiles tightly; these are the alarm wires no one is supposed to know are here.

He quickly picks the one he hopes is correct, CLAMPS a shunt between it and another. On the shunt wire is a DIGITAL TIMER.

He takes a breath, glances at the sensor ten yards away on the window. FOCUS CHANGE. It blinks redly. FOCUS BACK as Hawk CUTS the wire.

At the window the light GOES OUT. And, back here, the DIGITAL TIMER BEGINS TO TICK DOWN from 30 seconds.

Quickly, Hawk closes the telephone box, goes to the window, slips inside.

185 IN THE MUSEUM - NIGHT 185

Hawk crouches by the window and now he looks quickly down the corridor and across the first big room.

186 QUICK CUTS - HIS POV 186

showing MOTION SENSORS, DOOR ALARMS, even the FAINT DANCE OF DUST in an INFA-RED BEAM.

187 BACK TO SCENE 187

Hawk takes a breath, and... RUNS.

188 WITH HIM 188

Now we see, at last, what all the training was for: As he turns, darts, dodges, ducks, he each time just evades one alarm or another.

189 INSIDE THE TELEPHONE BOX 189

the timer COUNTS DOWN: 15, 14, 13...

190 IN THE MUSEUM - "RENNAISSANCE" ROOM - NIGHT 190

Hawk continues racing through the course we have come to know.
We HEAR him under his breath:

HAWK
11...10...09....08....

The ceiling above him shows classical heroes on quests not unlike his... he RUNS...

191 AN ALARM BOX 191

which Hawk races for, feet skidding.

HAWK
04... 03... 02...

All but SLAMMING into the wall, he pops off the cover, revealing a lever: SILENT ALARM OVERRIDE.

He YANKS the lever.

HAWK
(sotto)
...Zero.

He takes a deep breath: Safe for now.

Then the COVER he just removed reveals that it is in two parts when ONE HALF FALLS TO THE FLOOR with a CLANK.

CUT TO:

192 INT. MUSEUM - ANOTHER ROOM 192

A GUARD HEARS the SOUND, starts towards the other room. We STAY with him.

193 RENNAISSANCE ROOM 193

The guard's FLASHLIGHT PANS the room. Drifts from statues to paintings... passes over the now replaced alarm system cover...

The guard shrugs... leaves. CAMERA TILTS UP.

Hawk is pressed against a CEILING PAINTING, his face in Aphrodite's breasts. As he drops lightly down to the floor, we

CUT TO:

94	A GRAPPLING HOOK	194
	SNAGS a beam, is yanked tight -	
195	HAWK - IN DOORWAY OF ADJACENT ROOM	195
	Hawk - still in the Renaissance room - tests the line he's run into the Da Vinci room one more time, then secures it to a handrail. He puts his pack over his back, and then begins to CRAWL UP the diagonal rope like a Commando crossing a ravine.	
196	MUSEUM GALLERY - LONG SHOT	196
	CAMERA WIDENS from the PRESSURE SENSITIVE AREA on the floor, to reveal Hawk, quickly passing above it, the rope sliding between his hooked legs as he pumps away with his hands. He reaches the beam, swings over to it.	
197	CLOSER	197
	Sitting on the beam, he takes out two foot wide PLASTIC SLEEVES, SNAPS them on the beam about a foot apart. Then he takes out a (clearly home-made) gizmo of folding metal, which he opens into a wide "V", locks into position. He looks down at -	
198	THE DA VINCI CASE - HIS POV	198
	Upside down from this point of view, a dim lambent light making the Codex look as mystical as it is ancient.	
	The yellow lines around it marking the pressure sensitive area seam fluorescent in the dark.	
199	BACK TO SCENE	199
	Now, Hawk positions the metal "V" against the glass case so that the chisel like ENDS are each over a corner with a screw.	
	He slides the two plastic sheathes he's planted on the beam over until they're above the case, and then he gingerly puts each of his knees over them. He rocks on them a bit to test their play and then he SPINS HIMSELF UPSIDE DOWN. The sleeves make it a smooth turn, worthy of a gymnast.	
	Then, HANGING UPSIDE DOWN, he takes a deep breath worthy of a diamond cutter -STRIKES the point of the "V" with his mallet.	
00	THE GLASS CASE - TIGHT ON A CORNER	200
	The screw SNAPS as the wedge CUTS INTO IT.	

01 CASE - WIDER 201
The wedges drive into the seam and the front of the frame TILTS FORWARD.

202 HAWK 202
FLIPS upside down on the beam, SPINNING on the knee hinges he's made. He CATCHES the glass front with his hands just before it hits the floor! Now, holding the glass front with one hand, he uses the other to reach into the case.

203 CLOSER 203
He grabs the Codex, slips it into his canvas bag.

204 BACK TO SCENE 204
lashing the bag shut, he then takes the cabinet front with both hands, slips it back into the groove at the bottom of the case and secures the top with two clamps. Then he STANDS on the beam.

205 WIDER 205
He LEAPS from the beam to the high skylight sill - TEETERS there for a moment, and then pulls out a tool and cranks the glass open.

206 OUTSIDE 206
Hawk is high on the roof of the Museum, which itself is high above the river, the City blinking all around.
Across the water to the side, LIGHTS illuminate a floating restaurant.

207 HAWK 207
Reaches into his sack, takes out a GRAPPLING GUN. He aims carefully, SHOOTs.

208 LONG SHOT 208
A WIRE UNROLLS and ARCS through the air, down, down, down from the museum, over the river and directly towards -

- 209 ONE OF THE CITY OF LONDON DRAGONS - AT WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT 209
 A statue marking the Old City limits, it has suffered enough History to ignore the GRAPPLE which now WHIZZES around its neck and holds fast.
- 210 BACK TO SCENE (STEADICAM SHOT) 210
 Hawk ties the end of the harpoon line to a hinge on the skylight, tosses a friction belt over the line, takes a deep breath and JUMPS OFF THE ROOF. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM on his breathtaking RIDE across the THAMES.
 CAMERA TILTS DOWN to show the WATER BENEATH US - TILTS BACK UP to see Hawk as he rushes towards -
- 211 A TUG BOAT 211
- 212 HAWK 212
 HAWK
 Shittttt -
 He picks up his feet as high as he can -
- 213 INSIDE THE TUG BOAT - TRAVELING 213
 The skipper is listening to a FOOTBALL MATCH on the radio -
 RADIO
 - and Liverpool presses with ten seconds in the quarter - O'Malley passes - Laughlin's at the goal and-
 A BURST OF STATIC. The skipper BANGS the radio -
- 214 HAWK - ABOVE THE BOAT 214
 Continues SLIDING down the wire, meanwhile DISCARDING the boat's ANTENNA he has snagged. It SPLASHES below him and now he reaches up, hands on the latch -
- 215 THE OTHER SIDE 215
 Hawk drops off the wire and ROLLS roughly to the ground beside the dragon.

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED -

215

Quickly, he jumps up, CUTS the wire. Then he runs behind an EGYPTIAN OBELISK where he yanks both Codex and a BRIEFCASE from the canvas bag, tossing the former into the latter. Then he UNZIPS his jumpsuit, revealing a glimpse of WHITE. CAMERA PANS as RUNS BEHIND a MASONRY WALL that ramps up to the boat - and we SEE Anna, sitting at an outdoor table in the converted boat! As the CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING we LOSE Hawk behind the wall as Anna looks at her watch, annoyed - she looks towards the front of the restaurant and DOESN'T SEE Hawk as he VAULTS the seawall and lands -

- right in the chair across from her!

216

NEW ANGLE

216

she turns at the SOUND, and JUMPS at his all but miraculous appearance.

ANNA

H-Hawk?

He adjusts the lapel of his linen jacket, slides the briefcase under the chair.

HAWK

Sorry I'm late.

He pats his hair down, looks around.

HAWK

Waiter, could we have a wine list,, please?

The waiter nods, produces one, moves off.

ANNA

I didn't see you come in. What did you do, drop out of the sky?

HAWK

Something like that. You know, Doc, if you wore that dress on that book of yours they would have put you in the centerfold instead of on the cover.

ANNA

It took me eight years of study to get where I am. How am I supposed to feel after a remark like that?

HAWK

Terrific?

CONTINUED

16

CONTINUED -

216

ANNA

(agreeing)
Terrific.

HAWK

Waiter, we'll have the Cristal '62.

WAITER

Very good, sir.

He moves away.

217

CLOSER ON HAWK AND ANNA

217

ANNA

Are we celebrating something?

HAWK

I just finished a big project.

ANNA

Anything you can talk about?

HAWK

(offhand)
Oh, I'm sure you'll hear about it.
What made you pick this place?

ANNA

I didn't, you did. And you were
going to explain how and why?
Remember?

HAWK

Oh, right. Okay -
(recalling it)
"-her hobbies are swimming -"
(a look at her)
You're wearing a waterproof watch,
and not a particularly stylish one-

ANNA

-thanks -

HAWK

- it's a compliment, really. Anyway,
that could be an affectation in a
man, but in a woman, it's probably
practical. The looseness of the
links in the band told me about the
tennis -probably that killer double
hand backhand of yours, right?

CONTINUED

ANNA

The gourmet cooking?

HAWK

Well, if your being Italian wasn't enough -

(reaching out for her hand)

- that scar on your finger is a Cuisinart wound if I ever saw one.

She laughs, amazed.

HAWK

What else?

ANNA

Riverside home, long walks... and ex-boyfriend.

HAWK

Right. You wouldn't have changed your shoes unless you were walking somewhere, so you had to live in the neighborhood, and who's gonna walk on the street when there's a beautiful river 20 yards away?

The waiter returns with the bottle, shows it to Hawk. He nods, and during his next speech goes through the whole cork etc. etc. routine as the waiter opens the bottle.

HAWK(cont'd)

And - knowing that you lived around here, your being a regular at this restaurant was an easy guess. Finally, you weren't wearing a wedding or an engagement ring, and the only way a fabulous woman like you could still be available would be if she'd recently broken up with someone. And anyone who broke up with you would - by definition - be an academic dorky asshole.

He sips the wine the waiter has poured, nods. The waiter finishes filling the glasses, then leaves.

ANNA

That's absolutely amazing. Are you some kind of detective?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED - (2)

217

HAWK

Well, I've spent a lot of time around them, but no. I'm just a big believer in details.

ANNA

And in Michael Jackson.

HAWK

Excuse me?

ANNA

(on his look, gesturing
with her fine chin)
You're wearing one glove.

218 NEW ANGLE

218

As Hawk (and we!) realize that he's neglected to remove one of them. Flushing, he takes it off, pockets it. She tries to stifle a laugh - can't. Both end up bursting in laughter. Hawk holds up his glass.

HAWK

Here's to... neighborhoods.

ANNA

And neighbors.

HAWK

I'll take you over Mr. Rogers any day.

ANNA

(enjoying him, opening
the menu)
What do you feel like having?

HAWK

Actually...
(pause)
Something to go.

As she looks at him and SMILES, we

CUT TO:

219 EXT. ANNA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

219

Hawk and Anna arrive on foot. Hawk's carrying the briefcase and the champagne. She's got the styrofoam food containers.

20

CLOSER

220

Anna fumbles the food containers to get out her key. There's a CLICK and she REACTS to Hawk's opening of the door.

ANNA

Did I leave that open?

HAWK

I guess so.

They go inside.

221

IN THE TOWNHOUSE

221

It's a modest but charming up-and-down that we now see is only half a brownstone, with a bedroom that opens over the living room. It's filled with mementoes we'd expect from, well, a Renaissance woman.

HAWK

(looking around)

You got a microwave?

ANNA

You expect a gourmet cook to have a microwave?

HAWK

I expect a gourmet cook to be as lazy as everybody else.

ANNA

It's over there. But I don't think we have to heat up anything, do you?

Saying this, she drops her jacket off her shoulders. Hawk looks at her, loosens his collar.

HAWK

Now that you mention it, we could probably use a little air...

She slides open the balcony glass. Between the buildings of a Peter Pan-esque cityscape we see glimmers of the nearby river. The night breeze rustles the curtains, her hair. The moon backlights her cotton skirt.

There's no slip underneath it.

ANNA

You look like a man with something on his mind.

CONTINUED

21

CONTINUED -

221

HAWK

(finally)
That boyfriend really was a major
asshole.

As she goes into his arms we

CUT TO:

222

EXT. ANNA'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

222

As the LIGHTS go OUT. CAMERA PANS and PANS away until we SEE a green SEDAN parked down the block on the shoulder.

Inside it are two MEN in the Sears Country Squire suits that go with government service. They are WILLIAMS and GRADY. Williams, in the driver's seat, watches the house with binoculars.

GRADY

Was inviting him home part of the
plan?

WILLIAMS

Hey. She's a red blooded girl.
Bone up on your Da Vinci; you got
the next watch.

Grady shrugs, picks up a book. It's THE PROMISE AND THE CURSE, by Dr. Anna Baragli. CAMERA circles Grady as he wrestles with the text which is clearly over his head... and as the CAMERA MOVES we SEE the back cover.

The woman on this copy of the book is not Anna.

CUT TO:

223

TIGHT ON A BURNING LOG

223

which CRACKLES in a FIREPLACE until it suddenly - and ODDLY -
"DINGS."

CAMERA ADJUSTS as we SEE that we have in fact been seeing a REFLECTION of a fire in the black matte DOOR of a microwave.

Hawk and Anna are in a clinch on the sofa near the actual fireplace. She rises a bit, hair loose and flowing.

ANNA

That's dinner -

CONTINUED

HAWK
(pulling her closer)
Save it for breakfast -

ANNA
(breaking free)
If you're planning on making this
a marathon, we'd better pack some
carbs.
(leaving the sofa)
Try not to hyperventilate.

She goes to the microwave, starts to prepare the meal from the
restaurant. He gets up from the couch, follows her.

ANNA(cont'd)
That was very lucky the day at the
auction.

HAWK
For us, maybe. I don't know about
the twelve people in the hospital.

ANNA
I mean, for whoever planted the bomb.

Pause. Hawk looks at her.

HAWK
(v-e-r-y carefully)
Bomb? Papers said it was a gas main-

ANNA
That's what people were supposed
to think.

HAWK
What are you, Miss Marple or
something?

ANNA
I want to share something with you-

HAWK
You already did.

She grins, feeds him a piece of food.

CONTINUED

ANNA

Get your mind out of the gutter for
a minute -

HAWK

It's taken years of practice to get
it there -

He reaches into the styrofoam container for more food. She eats
some with her fingers, paces as she talks, not unlike Hawk when he
brainstorms.

ANNA

Right before the explosion, I was
looking at the Da Vinci horse. And
I think it wasn't the same piece
I saw in customs a week earlier.
It was a fake someone had substituted
for the real thing.

HAWK

(sounding very innocent)
Huh? But - but I thought you said
it was what, perfect? You even wanted
to bid on it -

ANNA

(shaking her head)
I said that to throw off whoever
was responsible. I thought I was
very clever, and I'd be able to find
the perpetrator myself...
(with a sigh)
The next minute all I had was my
theory and a pile of dust. Obviously
whoever made the switch set off the
explosion to destroy the evidence.

HAWK

Wait a second, you're talking about
a famous work of art here -if someone
stole it - I'm saying, "if" - they
could never sell it, never fence
it - and it's just clay, they can't
even melt it down -

ANNA

Maybe they stole it just to have
it - maybe to possess it was enough.
Or maybe they stole it because -

HAWK

Because..?

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED - (2) 224

She hesitates.

ANNA

Maybe I'm crazy, but -

She suddenly REACTS to the SOUND of SIRENS. Looking puzzled, she moves to the shoreward windows, raises the blinds - and GASPS.

225 THE WINDOW - HER POINT OF VIEW 225

All the lights are ON at the museum. Even now as we watch several POLICE CARS tear down street towards the Imperial.

226 BACK TO SCENE 226

ANNA

Oh, my God -

HAWK

(like he doesn't know)
What is it?

Before she can answer, both of them REACT to a BEEP BEEP from her purse. She goes to it, takes out her BEEPER, holds it out as further proof.

ANNA

The museum - it's been robbed -it's the only explanation!

HAWK

Oh, no -

ANNA

(rattled)
I - I've got to go - and so do you

-
(tossing him his coat)
I don't believe this - the security system is supposed to be perfect - God, I hope it's not something irreplaceable -

She HANDS him his BRIEFCASE - and almost DROPS IT - Hawk CATCHES it before it can hit the floor -

CUT TO:

27

EXT. HER TOWNHOUSE

227

She hustles him out the door, slams it - hesitates - double checks to see it's locked -

ANNA
(opening the garage)
God, I'm sorry about this -

HAWK
Couldn't be helped -

ANNA
They need me - I can't even give
you a lift -

HAWK
I'll be fine.

She adjusts her blouse, opens her car door - gives him a big kiss.

ANNA
I want to see you again... really.

HAWK
Yeah.

She jumps in the car, backs away, hits the garage door remote and drives off, waving.

228 HAWK

228

waves back.

HAWK
(smiling, through his
teeth)
And I want to see you too - you lying,
conniving little phoney.

He TURNS to walk away - and then HEADLIGHTS BLIND HIM -

229 NEW ANGLE

229

A LIMOUSINE pulls up. Someone gets out. It's

MILLER
Hawkins.
(indicating the LIGHTS
at the museum)
You do nice work.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED -

229

Hawk walks towards the car as one of Miller's YUPPIE AIDES gets out.

HAWK

Well. Uncle Sam's little bastard.

MILLER

Why not Uncle Sam's little pimp?
After all, I own your ass.

Hawk smiles tightly - then PUNCHES Miller!

230 THE SAME SCENE - LONG SHOT 230

From DOWN THE ROAD where the men who watched Anna's house REACT in their hidden vehicle - Grady reaches for his door handle but Williams STOPS him -

231 BACK TO SCENE 231

Miller ROCKS backwards against the car from the blow - the other man steps in -

MILLER

Don't hurt him!

HAWK

Yeah. A broken finger or a black eye might interfere with my work... right?

MILLER

(tightly)
We might run out of jobs sooner than you think.

HAWK

You wouldn't be here if you had.

Miller glares at him, furious but impotent. He nods and the other guy shoves Hawk into the car. Miller gets in and it drives away.

CUT TO:

32

THE OTHER CAR

232

Where the two men here RELAX.

WILLIAMS

(into radio MIKE)

This is Babysitter. They've made
the second drop.

CUT TO:

233

INT. MILLER'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

233

TIGHT on the Codex as Miller runs his finger along the spine
-SMILES.

He whips out a pocket knife, FLICKS it open a bit too dexterous
and SLITS the ancient book binding.

234

HAWK

234

watches, curious, the lights of passing TRAFFIC on his face -

235

BACK TO SCENE

235

Miller shoves the priceless drawings off his lap as the slit
binding gives way. Then he finds what he wants in the binding -a
little piece of OILCLOTH which he now opens, revealing -

236

CLOSER

236

ANOTHER of the folded FILIGREE DISKS we remember from the
prologue.

237

BACK TO SCENE

237

Miller puts the disk back in the oilcloth, and then puts that in
a LEATHER COURIER'S POUCH.

HAWK

(as Miller POCKETS it)

Looks like we got a Da Vinci jigsaw
puzzle going. How many more pieces
till we see a picture?

Miller REACTS, then tries to hide his reaction. He scribbles a
note in a little book.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED -

237

MILLER

You're too smart for your own good.
(a nod back down the
road)

You know, shacking up wasn't on the
agenda.

HAWK

Like you were surprised.

But the remark doesn't register on Miller, who SNAPS his fingers
at the man on the other seat. He hands Miller a FILE which Miller
SLAPS down on the seat. Hawk reaches overhead and hits the cabin
light, looks down at

238

THE FILE

238

Showing NEWS PHOTOS of a subcontinent SULTAN.

MILLER

Sakeem Ranjash. The Butcher of
Badjadore. When his people finally
got fed up with him and stormed the
palace, all they found were dusty
packing crates and an empty strongbox.

Miller RIPS out the page from his notebook, folds it, adds it to
the contents of the courier bag as Hawk turns to another
photograph.

MILLER

(another photo)
Ranjash escaped to that Chateau in
France. He's happy as a clam there
with 50 of his palace bodyguards,
100 million swiss francs he ripped
off from his country's treasury;
and -

He reaches over, selects the next photo for Hawk.

MILLER(cont'd)

-this artifact from its national
museum.

239

PHOTOGRAPH - CLOSER

239

Da Vinci's model of a helicopter we saw both in the prologue
and in the museum display.

BACK TO SCENE

240

HAWK

(before Miller can say
it)

Huh. Da Vinci's gyrocopter. The
one he's holding in his hand at the
Rome airport. This the original?

MILLER

(nodding, impressed)
You've been doing your homework.

He KNOCKS on the driver's glass. It LOWERS and he hands the
courier pouch to the driver.

HAWK

Thanks to your friend with the cute
ass. I oughta thank you-she's better
than Cliff notes.

Miller looks at him, confused.

MILLER

Don't mind fuck me, Hawkins. I'm
a busy man.

(on Hawk's puzzlement)

Here's everything we've got on the
chateau and its layout. There's
not much in the way of alarms...
Ranjash figures his private army
is enough. Assuming you get inside
- how are you going to steal the
helicopter? It's the most important
thing in the world to him.

Hawk looks at one photograph of the chateau that shows a bit of
a STATUE.

HAWK

(thoughtfully)

No... I think there's one thing more
important...

CUT TO:

241

VERY TIGHT ON THAT COURIER POUCH - DAY

241

It TILTS one way, then ANOTHER. CAMERA WIDENS.

The pouch - and the CAMERA - are on the BACK of a MOTORCYCLE.

- 42 SEVERAL QUICK JUMP CUTS - EXACT SAME ANGLE 242
- As the cycle moves from Italian highway to surface street and finally to a BRIDGE over the Arno River.
- 243 EXT. ART MUSEUM - FLORENCE, ITALY 243
- The motorcyclist drives right up the steps here, where a young woman in a Serious Suit is already waiting impatiently. The servant takes the pouch, goes inside.
- 244 INT. FLORENCE MUSEUM -DAY 244
- WIDEN from the pouch.
- The woman moves through a long hallway filled with Classical statues, approaches a door from which we hear CONSTRUCTION SOUNDS.
- 245 INT. NEW GALLERY - DAY 245
- CARPENTERS and ELECTRICIANS are busy everywhere. It's hard to tell exactly what they're up to, aside from the fact that they seem to be erecting studio like FLATS inside the larger walls of this already large GALLERY.
- CAMERA ADJUSTS as the woman sidesteps table saws and ladders to present the courier bag.
- WOMAN
- Madame..?
- 246 NEW ANGLE 246
- Lady Queensborough turns, smiles.
- QUEENSBOROUGH
- Ah. Thank you, Gina.
- The woman leaves. Lady Queensborough moves to an unoccupied draftsman's table, where she takes a key from her Kelly bag, unlocks the pouch.
- She opens the oilcloth - smiles... smiles further, reading the note.
- MAN'S VOICE
- 'Scuse, Signora - ? Il cavallo, ha finito.

47 REVERSE ANGLE

247

As Queensborough quickly hides the disk and note, then looks at a WORKMAN.

He is proudly displaying a STILL DAMP CLAY COPY of the Sforza horse!

QUEENSBOROUGH
Bello, Luigi. Bello.

CUT TO:

248 EXT. RANJASH CHATEAU - FRANCE--DAY

248

HOLD on this magnificent example of Enlightenment architecture, a monument to the moment in time when art and science fused for a glorious century.

CAMERA WIDENS and REVEALS the CONSTRUCTION VEHICLES of Ranjash's CONTRACTORS. We SEE a SATELLITE DISH on the roof, where a technician adjusts it. Nearby, a CRANE dangles a fiberglass JACUZZI.

249 ON A HILL NEARBY

249

Hawk observes this activity through binoculars. Now, his interest rises as he SEES -

250 FRENCH WORKMEN - THROUGH BINOCULARS

250

Rolling wheelbarrows along, hauling lumber, etc. All wear identical coveralls.

SIKH GUARDS with MACHINE GUNS are in different areas of the property, but they watch the construction crew with bored familiarity.

CUT TO:

251 THAT JACUZZI

251

as it is LOWERED past a big EQUESTRIAN STATUE of Ranjash. IT BUMPS into it with a CLANG.

52 AT THE CHATEAU WINDOW 252

Ranjash himself instantly appears, shouts down at the crew.

RANJASH

Stupid frog eating infidels! Having
you lashed I would be for this
insufferable insult! Watching your
asses or goodbye to your paychecks!

253 DOWN BELOW 253

The workmen quickly swing the jacuzzi away from the statue, lean
it against the house. The FOREMAN jumps up and polishes the
besmirched portion of the statue.

FOREMAN

Pardon, monsieur le Sultan. Un mil
pardons, voila, tous les choses c'est
va -

The other WORKMEN also quickly AD-LIB obsequiously, one of them
TAILING OFF a bit with -

LAST WORKMAN

(sotto, muffled)
-pardon, pardon, ou est la
bibliothèque, soup de jour, c'est
la vie -

This is lost in the general hub bub, but, of course, we see now
that this is HAWK, wearing the same get up as the other men.

254 RANJASH 254

Harumphs, goes back inside.

255 DOWN BELOW 255

Hawk and his "co-workers" set the jacuzzi down near some LAWN
FLAMINGOES. The foreman BLOWS A WHISTLE.

FOREMAN

(shouting)
Allons-y, ma petites! Un demi-heure
pour le déjeuner!

All MOVE OFF- all BUT HAWK.

256

INT. CHATEAU - DAY

256

Muttering to himself, Ranjash walks down a gorgeous corridor with fabulous SEVENTEENTH and EIGHTEENTH CENTURY workmanship and materials - all of which are being REMODELED to Ranjash's taste in a manner we will leave to the Dark Side of Jack DeGovia. CAMERA HOLDS as he passes a DOORWAY.

Through it we see a desk where someone is WRITING. And - to the side of this unseen person - is a CABINET holding the HELICOPTER MODEL.

257

WITH RANJASH

257

He goes into a once beautiful MUSIC ROOM which now has a big screen TV, giant speakers and a leather "conversation pit."

He puts a CASSETTE into a player and watches a TAPE of himself reviewing a MILITARY PARADE, his tunic festooned with medals.

Ranjash pulls over an ELEPHANT FOOT UMBRELLA STAND which is filled with popcorn, tosses some down as he relives the good ol' days.

From somewhere outside comes the SOUND of CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT.

Ranjash scowls, raises the TV volume.

258

OUTSIDE - CLOSE ON A CONSTRUCTION MACHINE

258

as it DIGS into the EARTH - CAMERA PANS to the CAB where we see HAWK, whistling -

259

FRENCH CONSTRUCTION CREW - ON THE LAWN - DAY

259

Chowing down on wine, cheese, bread and -a comment on our tiny world -a box of the Colonel's chicken or similiar. The SOUND of the construction equipment grows LOUDER. One of the workmen TURNS UP Charles Aznavour on the radio here.

FOREMAN
(suddenly realizing)
Ecoutez! L'equipment!
(as all react)
Qui operatez-il?

260

IN THE CHATEAU

260

PAN from the TV screen where a FIRING SQUAD is responding to Ranjash's taped COMMANDS. But the SHOTS are DROWNED OUT by the ROAR from the construction equipment.

CONTINUED

60

CONTINUED -

260

Fed up, Ranjash runs towards the window.

RANJASH

Cannot a man rest a moment's peace
with incompetent baboons on his
magnanimous payroll?

As he approaches the window, the noise STOPS.

RANJASH

I say damn you son of a dog -
(jaw dropping)
Oh my golly fucking gosh -

261

HIS POINT OF VIEW

261

CAMERA ZOOMS to a HUGE HOLE IN THE GROUND from which (it would seem) the STATUE has been STOLEN. All that's left of it to see is the PLAQUE indicating "SULTAN SELIM RANJASH -BENEFactor OF BANJADORE."

A PILE OF DIRT is nearby, half covering the jacuzzi. As we watch, the CONSTRUCTION CREW runs up, along with some of the SIKH GUARDS.

62

ON THE BALCONY

262

Ranjash HOWLS, yanks at his hair in anguish - dislodging enough of his turban to show us he has a hair do worthy of Don King. Now, he yanks an ORNATE PISTOL from his waist sash, FIRES it into the air.

RANJASH

GUARDS! GUARDS!

Several run in from the hallway behind him.

263

DOWN BELOW

263

The contractors TAKE COVER as the GUARDS begin running around FIRING GUNS into the air. One GUARD jumps in the hole, perhaps scouting it; two others start FRISKING the workers at gunpoint.

264

A STAIRWELL

264

Several GUARDS run down it and hop into a JEEP. A moment later Hawk comes into view and runs up the stairs.

65

IN THE CHATEAU

265

Hawk comes down the corridor -ducks out of the way as more guards run by - pauses in the DOORWAY of the room where Ranjash is still SHOUTING from the balcony -

RANJASH

Search the grounds, give no prisoners
and take no quarters! Some foreign
devil has had the effrontery to steal
- to steal -ME!

Hawk darts past the doorway and into the room we saw earlier.

266

TIGHT ON THE HELICOPTER MODEL

266

The case isn't even wired. Hawk opens the door, takes out the model -and then REACTS as a RIFLE BARREL is pointed right at his nose.

267

THE SCENE - WIDER

267

At the other end of the nineteenth century Rajah's elephant gun is - ANNA. At the desk nearby are her abandoned books and notes.

HAWK

Okay. I'm sorry I faked that second
orgasm -

ANNA

Get away from the cabinet.

He moves, the gun following him.

ANNA

Put the helicopter back.

HAWK

But you said get away from the
cabinet. Can't we have a little
consistency - ?

He backs out of the room. She stays with him.

268

FROM THE ROOM ACROSS THE CORRIDOR

268

she keeps the big flintlock pointed at him as they back into Ranjash's entertainment room.

CONTINUED

ANNA

I think consistency is exactly what we have. Everywhere you show up - someone steals a Da Vinci.

HAWK

Now, couldn't we say just the same thing about you?

He begins to toss the model back and forth.

ANNA

Stop that! It's a priceless antique!

HAWK

(tapping the gun barrel)
So is that. I'll throw you mine if you'll throw me yours.

ANNA

First tell me who you are.

HAWK

(deep breath)
Okay. I'm a special insurance investigator for Lloyd's of London, and I'm checking up on all these Da Vinci robberies.

ANNA

. Bullshit.

HAWK

Says who?

ANNA

Says me - the real Da Vinci investigator for Lloyd's of London!

HAWK

My turn. "Bullshit."

ANNA

No, serious shit. Lloyd's knew sooner or later you'd hit the Imperial. So they planted me there- and you fell for it.

RANJASH

AHA!

69

NEW ANGLE

269

They turn to see Ranjash has entered, gun in hand.

RANJASH(cont'd)

So, a double pair of quick crossing
artists!

270

CLOSE ON HAWK

270

seeing that Ranjash's attention is on Anna, Hawk reaches out and
- unseen - picks up a remote control.

271

BACK TO SCENE

271

ANNA

Sultan, you can't possibly think
that I-

RANJASH

Oh, you are not shooting the shinola
like two old chums? Put your female
tongue back in your Westernized
duplicitious head, I have seen two
and two with my own little green
apples.

(to Hawk)

The sands of your life hang by one
testicle. Where did you put me when
you stole myself?

Hawk blinks at that, seems about to answer - but instead PUNCHES
a button in his hand. Instantly there's the CRACK of nearby
GUNFIRE.

272

NEW ANGLE

272

Ranjash WHIRLS and EMPTIES his gun at his BIGSCREEN, where he
(Ranjash) is again supervising executions. As the set SPARKS
and SIZZLES, he turns back - and sees that Hawk and Anna have
bailed out the window.

273

OUTSIDE

273

Hawk and Anna are dangling from the balcony. Now, they DROP onto
the the upturned jacuzzi and SLIDE down it like kids in a
playground. BULLETS from Ranjash's pistol BLAST HOLES in the
jacuzzi.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED -

273

RANJASH

(shouting as guards rush
up)

They are heading for cocksucking
hills! Withdraw your thumbs from
your posterior orifices and pursue
them!

274 HAWK AND ANNA

274

Run down a path. A GUARD steps out, gun raised - Hawk BELTS him
and the guy sprawls, his turban UNROLLING. Hawk runs up to a
high wall, kneels.

HAWK

You first. Over my back! Come on,
come on -

(as she starts)

Jesus, watch the Goddamn heels!

She gets up on the wall gingerly, still looking back the way they
came. Hawk scrambles up beside her just as she turns around and
SCREAMS.

HAWK

Come on, it's only eight foot high-

275 CLOSER

275

And then his words BREAK OFF as a BENGAL TIGER LEAPS UP, almost
reaching their perch.

Instantly, he and Anna turn to drop back the way they came -but
now BULLETS pepper around them - they look back at

276 GUARDS - THEIR POV

276

running down the path they came from -

277 BACK TO SCENE

277

The TIGER jumps up again.

Quickly, Hawk stands. Seeing this, Anna takes off her heels and
follows Hawk's balancing act along the wall.

HAWK

Get rid of the shoes -

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED -

277

ANNA
Eight hundred dollar alligator?
Not on your life.

278 HIGH ANGLE

278

They make a turn along the wall, getting out of shooting range.
The TIGER FOLLOWS THEM as they move. Hawk and Anna look at the
tiger, then over the other side of their new position.

279 DOWN ANGLE

279

ALLIGATORS SPLASH in a pond. One YAWNS cavernously.

280 BACK TO SCENE

280

BULLETS HIT AROUND Hawk and Anna. Hawk looks at the tiger, then
at the alligators. He makes up his mind - grabs Anna's shoes.

HAWK
(to the alligators)
Here. Play with cousin Morty.

He throws them at the far end of the pond.

281 THE ALLIGATORS

281

Immediately there's a FRENZY as they all go for them.

282 BACK TO SCENE

282

Hawk grabs Anna's hand.

HAWK
Now, while they're busy.

Before she can stop him he jumps over the wall with her.

283 BELOW

283

They land with a SPLASH in the muddy pond. Instantly they're on
their feet and out of the water - and then

284 NEW ANGLE - LOW

284

They almost COLLIDE with an ELEPHANT! Hawk and Anna all but SKID
to a halt -

85 ANOTHER ANGLE 285
 but the giant beast has no interest in them and plods on by. They
 start to slip past it - and then Hawk double takes at -

286 THE ELEPHANT - HIS POINT OF VIEW - CLOSER 286
 It has one WOODEN LEG.

287 BACK TO SCENE 287
 They run into some foliage.

CUT TO:

288 RANJASH 288
 has run out of the Chateau, waving a sword.

RANJASH
 No rest is wearying us until we are
 having revenge! A head on a pike
 will be most fabulous fate for
 mother-fucking son of rinocerous
 scrotum!

289 HAWK AND ANNA 289
 drop over the outside wall of the Chateau grounds.

HAWK
 Isn't this when the cavalry shows
 up?

BULLETS ping around him.

290 NEW ANGLE 290
 A jeep full of Ranjash GUARDS is driving along the outside wall,
 FIRING.

291 BACK TO SCENE 291
 Wrong cavalry.
 They're off again -

292 RANJASH - IN THE GROUNDS 292

A jeep pulls up for him. Impatient he tosses the driver out.

RANJASH
Procrastinating boob of a tardy ape,
the horse is on fire and out of the
barn!

Preoccupied with the sword, perhaps, he goes inadvertently into REVERSE. Immediately he COLLIDES with something.

293 NEW ANGLE 293

It's that PILE OF DIRT next to the hole. But - oddly - the dirt pile has made a METALLIC SOUND, and the rear of the jeep is SMASHED.

As Ranjash looks at this, puzzled, the PILE OF DIRT begins to TOTTER and CREAK. Ranjash looks at this, and then as it FALLS TOWARDS HIM he bails out of the jeep.

294 WIDER 294

Ranjash's equestrian statue tumbles out of the dirt that had hidden it! Making a clean break along all four horse's hooves, it FLATTENS the jeep with a CRASH and then ROLLS OVER into the hole, horse's hindquarters all that remain in sight.

295 RANJASH - ROLLING CLEAR 295

RANJASH
Golly fucking gosh, my ass is in
the tandoori now!

And as if to accentuate that a HELICOPTER ROARS LOW OVERHEAD

CUT TO:

296 HAWK AND ANNA - OUTSIDE CHATEAU 296

The helicopter SWOOPS LOW and dangles a ROPE LADDER.

ANNA
There's my cavalry -!

They grab the ladder. The minute they're both on it the chopper RISES. The last few futile SHOTS from the Ranjash guards miss and the craft peels away.

97 INT. CHOPPER

297

Hawk and Anna SAG in the rear of the chopper.

ANNA

(breathless)

Whew! Hell of... a way... to make...
a living. No wonder... the first
guy passed... on the job.

HAWK

First guy?

ANNA

Whoever hired you went after...
some second story guy... from the
sixties... he said he couldn't cut
it, put them on to you...

As Hawk's face darkens, Williams leans over the back seat.

WILLIAMS

Mr. Hawkins?

HAWK

Y-yeah?

WILLIAMS

(showing ID)

You're under arrest.

CUT TO:

298 EXT. FRENCH BAKERY - DAY

298

Big faded "BOULANGERIE" signs and yummy pasteries in the warped
windows - a car SKIDS to a halt and Williams hustles Hawk and Anna
inside at gunpoint.

CUT TO:

299 INSIDE

299

Sleek walls, maps of the world, computers. Window boxes create
the illusion for the street.

It's a U.S. Intelligence front. Hawk gapes at the American
artifacts, whirls on Williams.

HAWK

You're the good guys?

Anna moves across the room, nods.

CONTINUED

WILLIAMS

We're with with the same government Agency as Miller. But he sold out. We're out to stop him.

HAWK

How's Lucrezia Brogia here fit in?

WILLIAMS

Lloyd's of London were kind enough to loan her to us.

HAWK

That was for real?

ANNA

We're not all professional liars.

HAWK

You're a professional something... I'll give you that.

WILLIAMS

(as Anna reddens)

Miller sold out to someone overseas - not a foreign power, someone independent. He's killed two agents, misused our underworld contacts -

HAWK

Oh, and you use them properly?

ANNA

Damn it, Hawkins, this is a big, deadly game! Whatever Miller's involved in is connected to next month's EEC merger - when Europe goes on one currency. If that gets sabotaged, the whole planet could go bankrupt!

HAWK

(skeptical)

From a couple of old artifacts?

WILLIAMS

They're just the tip of the iceberg-

HAWK

Yeah, and I get to be the Titanic. How's Leonardo fit in all this mishigash?

CONTINUED

ANNA

We... thought you could tell us.

HAWK

And they call your line of work
intelligence?

(thinking)

Little wheels inside everything...
not wheels, exactly, rings with teeth-

(suddenly)

Gears.

(as they REACT)

Yeah, gears - like in a, a machine-

ANNA

An invention - ?

HAWK

An invention that threatens the world
economy four hundred years after
it was made?

Williams moves thoughtfully towards -

CAMERA ADJUSTS as he picks it up, musing.

WILLIAMS

We'll have to X-ray and cat scan
this before he turns it over to
Miller.

HAWK

Who said I'm cooperating?

WILLIAMS

You don't have much choice. You
keep the next rendezvous, we grab
Miller, shut him down.

HAWK

And then what?

ANNA

There is no then what. You help
us, you walk.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED -

300

HAWK

(a dry laugh)
Federal Agents and the mob, mixed
up in a financial scandal? Murder,
robbery, ex-con in the middle? Sounds
like film at eleven to me.
Embarassing film. What keeps me
quiet, Williams? Carrot, or stick?

Long pause. Williams realizes he can't bullshit the King of the
bullshitters.

WILLIAMS

(finally)
Stick.

He moves to the door of the adjacent room, knocks.

WILLIAMS

Grady. Bring him out.

The door opens.

301

NEW ANGLE

301

Hawk REACTS as Grady brings in... Alex.

ALEX

Hawk! Shit man, I was worried sick,
you disappearing like that-

ANNA

* Williams, what is this?

WILLIAMS

Leverage. Mr. Hawkins cooperates...
or his friend here goes back to
prison.

HAWK

That threat worked once. But not
again. This time...

He turns to look dead at Alex.

HAWK(cont'd)

...this time I know who sold me out.

ALEX

Hawk, I... what are you saying?

CONTINUED

HAWK

Save it, Alex.

(a nod at Anna)

Miss Marple here told me the first thief they went to couldn't handle the juice... but that he put them on to me. Real short list of people fit that bill. You... and Judas.

Alex goes ashen.

WILLIAMS

You guys can kiss and make up later. Time's getting short, Hawkins. Are you playing ball or not?

HAWK

Afterwards, Williams. I don't walk, even if she believes that. When's the knife go in my ribs? Williams? In the helicopter on the way to the prison? Or inside, with an underworld contact "properly" used?

WILLIAMS

You're digging a bigger hole for yourself, Hawk. Let's go.

HAWK

You're gonna shoot me? Then who keeps the rendezvous?

WILLIAMS

A bullet's a hell of a way to find out about plan "B", Hawkins - HEY!

He's said this because he's seen Alex has suddenly LEAPT UP, SMASHED a table lamp on a desk to get a jagged edge, and now CHARGES at Grady.

Instinctively, Grady FIRES.

As the SHOT ECHOES, Alex CRUMPLES.

WILLIAMS

(to Grady)

You moron -

Hawk and Anna reach Alex at the same moment.

CONTINUED

HAWK

You crazy bastard, I could have handled the time -

ALEX

(weakly)

- maybe. I couldn't have handled... the guilt. Least... this way... they can't use me against you.

ANNA

(rising)

I'm calling an ambulance -

HAWK

Alex, it's okay - I... I understood -

ALEX

Yeah? I didn't. I thought, hell, we'd both make a few bucks. Shoulda known... some things don't have prices on them. Forgive me, kid?

HAWK

(voice breaking)

Hey, no fucking way. You're gonna have to bust your balls to make up for this.

ALEX

That boat I got... in Jersey? Give you... the pink slip.

HAWK

Big fucking deal, who has time to schlep out there?

Alex COUGHS, blood on his lips - Hawk pulls him closer.

ALEX

Okay, you prick. I'll tear up your bar tab. Happy now?

HAWK

Yeah. But... but you gotta do it in front of the gang.

He's gone. Hawk blinks, fights tears. Turns to see -

ANNA

303

She's at the phone, staring in astonishment at Grady, who on William's cue has come over to take the phone, holding out his hand for it.

ANNA

My God, how far will you go?

WILLIAMS

As far as we have to. A hospital will ask questions. Now put it down.

HAWK

(to her)

You might as well. He's dead.

(as she turns)

I'm next.

304 CLOSE ON ANNA

304

It sinks in. This time she believes it.

Suddenly she whirls, flings the telephone at Grady. He tries to duck, but it clips him on the forehead and he STAGGERS.

305 HAWK

305

is already diving off the sofa to intercept Williams, who is already aiming his pistol. Hawk's charge CARRIES him into the wall -

306 REVERSE ANGLE

306

William's wild shot hits Grady in the THROAT. He TOPPLES, dies noisily. Meanwhile

307 HAWK

307

POUNDS Williams into the wall, again, again, taking out all his fury on the man. Williams' gun FLIES onto the bed, but Hawk keeps POUNDING. The cheap wallboard SPLITS and then Hawk PUNCHES him again and leaves the man dangling half in this room, half in the next.

Hawk turns, panting. Looks at Anna.

In shock, she looks away. Hawk turns and looks at -

08 THE HELICOPTER MODEL

308

09 BACK TO SCENE 309

Hawk picks it up, FLINGS it across the room. It BOUNCES, bent a little. He runs up to it - PUNTS it against the wall with his foot. This time -

310 MODEL - CLOSER 310

It FALLS open revealing another OILSKIN PACKET.

311 WIDER 311

Hawk OPENS IT. Another folding wheel - but this time also a piece of PARCHMENT.

Hawk looks at it, puzzled -

ANNA

W-what is it -

Hawk points a finger at her like a gun.

HAWK

You stay away.

He turns, goes into

312 THE BATHROOM 312

where he HOLDS the parchment up so he can see it in the mirror.

313 HIS POINT OF VIEW 313

the brown ink and graceful lines we associate with Da Vinci. The DRAWING shows the three folding gears alone, and then INTERLACED a), b), c), completing the master gear we saw long ago.

Beneath it in Da Vinci's florid hand we can read -

314 THE WORDS - PANNING - ONE AT A TIME 314

"PRIMA - PARTE - MACHINA - DEL -"

315 HAWK 315

READING this, eyes WIDENING on the last word -

16 HIS POV - CLOSE 316
 " - ORO".

317 BATHROOM - WIDER 317

HAWK
 (as it sinks in)
 Son of a bitch...

Instantly, he TEARS UP the paper, flushes it down the toilet,
 and that's when a CRASH makes him run into the next room -

318 REVERSE ANGLE 318

The DOOR has been kicked open, and there are Miller and Um'Shaka,
 both with plastic REBREATHERS on their faces, and Um'Shaka holding
 a PRESSURIZED TANK which is already filling the room with colored
 fumes.

Anna gropes for the pistol on the floor... it falls from weakened
 fingers and she collapses.

Hawk makes it halfway towards Miller... falls... then crawls
 with hate in his eyes towards Miller, who's nonplussed enough
 to talk, his voice muffled by the mask.

MILLER
 I told you you weren't dealing with
 kids.

Hawk gets hold of Miller's trousers, tries to pull him down...
 his fingers betray him and he rolls over, unconscious.

MILLER(cont'd)
 Now you can deal with pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

319 AN ANTIQUE FILLED ROOM - MORNING 319

Hawk is on the bed. He GROANS, rolls over. Works his mouth
 to get out the cotton.

A bit dazed, he moves carefully to the window... opens the
 curtains...

320 HIS FACE 320

shows his surprise as he looks out on -

21

SAN GIMIGNANO, ITALY

321

a classic Tuscan Hill town that hasn't changed in 500 years. Medieval towers rise towards the Italian sky. The narrow streets have no full sized cars - just 3 wheel little trucks, moterbikes, and one or two Fiats bold enough to show their faces.

322

BACK TO SCENE

322

As he's still reeling from that, the door opens.
Um'shaka is there.

UM'SHAKA

Good to see you up and about, sir.
Lady Queensborough's waiting for
you.

Hawk just looks at him.

CUT TO:

323

INT. QUEENSBOROUGH'S LIBRARY - DAY

323

Walls of books, ladders, a billiard table - the whole shebang. Lady Queensborough walks around the room like a predator. Hawk sits at one end of the long library table.

Um'shaka is behind him. Hawk eyes his hostess carefully.

HAWK

You're the great muckety-muck?
(on her nod)

You're a very small spider to have
such a great big web.

Lady Queensborough smiles tightly, prepares a whiskey and soda.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Size isn't everything, Mr. Hawkins.
Perhaps that's an area we can
explore... later.

HAWK

Nah. I lean towards human beings.
I'm kinky that way.

Lady Queensborough forces a smile, sips her drink.

QUEENSBOROUGH

You're a clever fellow. Let's see
how clever.

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED -

323

Queensborough opens a drawer. Takes out a black scarf.

QUEENSBOROUGH
Put this on. Over your eyes.

HAWK
Go to hell.

QUEENSBOROUGH
Um'shaka?

Um'shaka steps forward. Lady Queensborough gestures.

324

UM'SHAKA - CLOSER

324

He does that shoulder shrug we've seen before and something GLEAMS in his hand. He snaps his arm again and this time it comes completely out.

It is a thirty inch long SHAFT hinged to bend at Um'shaka's elbow. At one end is a big BLADE; at the other end a round knob. Um'shaka touches the center and the metal shaft locks.

QUEENSBOROUGH
The Assegi...

Um'shaka holds the big blade towards Hawk.

QUEENSBOROUGH(cont'd)
...and the knobkerrie.

In the wink of an eye the two ends have changed places in Um'shaka's hand.

QUEENSBOROUGH(cont'd)
Your Hollywood historians have made so much out of your Custer's last stand...

(scornful)
200 underequipped men defeated by by 3,000 aborigines. Hardly the stuff of history, I'd say... but across the world, at a place called Isandhlwana, Um'shaka's people used that weapon in his hand to wipe out an artillery equipped British army of 1,800 men.

The weapon spins again in the air.

QUEENSBOROUGH(cont'd)
Put on the blindfold.

CONTINUED

24

CONTINUED -

324

Hawk slowly complies. Queensborough comes around and tightens it, pushes Hawk into a chair. Um'shaka secures him to it with leather reins from the wall decor.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Hold out your hands, palms up. Mr. Hawkins, let's not be childish, open your hands.

Um'shaka raises the Assegi - but he only SMACKS the shaft on Hawk's wrist like the world's biggest Catholic school teacher. Hawk opens his hands. Lady Queensborough reaches into a drawer, pulls out something. Hawk tenses at the SOUND... but the unmasked portion of his face shows his puzzlement.

The CAMERA begins to CIRCLE around him as he fingers two small bars of metal.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Mr. Hawkins, one of your hands holds a bar of gold worth four thousand pounds. The other, a bar of lead worth perhaps forty cents. Can even you, the master thief, tell which is which?

Challenged, Hawk "weighs" the two bars in his hands, frowns; tries again. The same. He runs his fingers along both carefully. Another shut out. He hardens his face.

325 EACH HAND - VERY CLOSE

325

As he DIGS into the metal with a fingernail.

326 BACK TO SCENE

326

Again, he can't tell. Lady Queensborough nods to Um'shaka, who removes both the blindfold and the bonds that hold Hawk to the chair.

QUEENSBOROUGH

(during this)
Interesting, isn't it? Weight, feel, malleability, they're all but identical. On the periodic chart of elements, they're but one electron apart. The ancients didn't know that, of course, but they knew the line between worthlessness and pricelessness was razor thin.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

QUEENSBOROUGH (Cont'd)

Their best minds struggled for centuries to turn one into the other.

HAWK

Alchemy. But Da Vinci, he figured it out... and he made an invention, didn't he?

(remembering it)

The machina del oro. The gold machine.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Very good, Mr. Hawkins. Then you must know why that particular invention didn't make the history books -

HAWK

He was afraid it would get in the wrong hands. Like now.

QUEENSBOROUGH

I prefer to think of them as the right hands. In any case, fearing the implications of that machine, he disassembled the master gear and hid it in three of his works in progress. Fortunately, one of his apprentices thought this strange enough to make a note of it... a reference I discovered at great expense.

Queensborough moves closer.

QUEENSBOROUGH(cont'd)

Today we'd think of that master gear as a sort of computer program... its undulations and indentations control the machine, releasing the elements of Alchemy in the proper amounts ... and in the proper order.

HAWK

Sounds like a pretty slow assembly line. I thought you only had a month to fuck the whole world.

QUEENSBOROUGH

I intend to record the machine's workings when we activate it, and then build a modern, larger version.

CONTINUED

HAWK

What if someone finds out?

QUEENSBOROUGH

That's exactly the idea. I'll unleash the rumors of false gold at the same time. No one will know what is real and what is counterfeit. Panic will ensue. Markets and economies will collapse. Financial Empires will crumble.

HAWK

All except yours.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Exactly. And afterwards, I will be the only one left to pick up the pieces. And... speaking of pieces...

He presents the disassembled gear.

QUEENSBOROUGH(cont'd)

If you would be so kind to assemble this..?

HAWK

(slowly, cold)

I won't let you make the world like that.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Make it like that?

(amused)

Darling, it's always been like that. Someone's always been running the show... and people like you have always been the puppets. It's just my turn to pull the strings.

HAWK

Yeah? Listen, Shari Lewis- We don't dance to that tune anymore.

QUEENSBOROUGH

You can dance... or you can die.
After Susanna Orsini.

HAWK

Who...?

CONTINUED

26

CONTINUED - (3)

326

QUEENSBOROUGH

Of course, you know her under her
nom de voyage. Your little friend
from New York... London-and-if my
information is correct... more
intimate locations.

Hawk's expression shows the reaction Queensborough is hoping for.

QUEENSBOROUGH(cont'd)

Considering the hoops she ran you
through, you might enjoy her
suffering... or perhaps not?

Hawk sighs, holds out his hand. Clever than that, Lady
Queensborough puts the pieces on the table - SLIDES THEM across
the slick surface -

327

ON THE THREE GEAR PIECES

327

as they snicker into Hawk's hands. He looks at Queensborough
-then, resigned, he UNFOLDS two wheels, assembles them -picks up
the third - flips it open - and then - he FLINGS it like a
FRISBEE!

328

QUEENSBOROUGH

328

SCREAMS as the gear BOUNCES off her forehead, clinks into the
wall. Blinded by blood, she FUMBLES backwards -

329

UM'SHAKA

329

is already vaulting from the corner, the Assegi snaking out of his
sleeve and held upwards -

330

HAWK

330

Dives over the table, snatches a riding crop from the wall display
and wraps it around Queensborough's neck. Then he yanks the
CHOKING Lady to his feet and starts to back out of the room,
keeping him between himself and Um'shaka.

HAWK

Easy, Umpaloompa - wouldn't want
any unsightly holes in your employer-

31

UM'SHAKA

331

moving as graceful as a dancer, the Assegi SPINNING in his hand -

32 BACK TO SCENE

332

HAWK

That's cute, you could do halftime
shows with that trick - easy, easy-
(to Queensborough)
- you're enjoying this, right?
Probably have handcuffs in your
bedroom -

QUEENSBOROUGH

You - pig - you'll pay for this -

Hawk's at the big library door now - a door which betrays the
ancient lineage of this old villa with the big rotating LOCKING
BAR which Hawk can see from here.

With one motion, Hawk FLINGS Queensborough forward, LEAPS out
the door and -

333 OUTSIDE IT

333

SLAMS IT and WHIPS DOWN the bar. He GRINS - until with a CRA-A-AK
the BLADE of the Assegi APPEARS an inch from his face on this side
of the door!

HAWK

(impressed)
F-uckkk me - !

As the blade is WITHDRAWN and BANGING begins on the door, he
runs down the hallway, DUCKS behind a tapestried railing as he
SEES -

334 MILLER

334

At a locked door one level below, talking to one of his men.

HEARING the POUNDING from above, Miller starts upwards - we STAY
on him until -

335 FROM BELOW

335

Hawk, holding onto the railing, KICKS Miller in the head! Miller
goes TUMBLING down the stairs -

336 HIS MAN BELOW

336

TURNS to see his boss roll by and is totally unprepared as Hawk
DROPS down on him like Tarzan! The man rises and Hawk PUNCHES him
over the railing.

37 HIGH ANGLE 337
 he SLAMS onto the terrazzo two stories down.

338 BACK TO SCENE 338
 Hawk unlocks the door, FLINGS it open.
 Anna jumps up, frightened - then relieved.

HAWK
 Nice to meet you, Susanna.

ANNA
 I wasn't part of what happened, with
 your friend. You have to believe
 me.

HAWK
 I do. Now haul ass.

CUT TO:

339 INT. VILLA STAIRWELL - DAY 339
 Hawk kicks the still-groaning Miller aside and he and Anna race
 down the marble stairs. They meet another GUARD at the first
 landing. Hawk hardly breaks stride as he BREAKS the man's jaw.
 The man staggers into a statue with a crash and Hawk and Anna
 rush down to the main floor.

HAWK
 (deciding, pointing)
 - that way.

They turn, run.

340 INT. REAR OF VILLA - DAY 340
 Hawk and Anna scare the daylights out of a COOK and a MAID -race
 on past them and then across a courtyard and up a flight of
 stairs. They run across an open balustrade, sky on one side,
 a courtyard below - a courtyard through which races several of
 Queensborough's men.

341 CLOSER ON THE FUGITIVES 341
 Hawk's looking down in the courtyard and doesn't see a GUARD
 coming straight forward from the dark interior of this wing of the
 house.

CONTINUED

41

CONTINUED -

341

But Anna's SHOUT of warning turns his head around and he dodges the guy's FIST and then SMASHES him back against the doorway, where the guard slides down the wall, CRACKING several louvers in one of the double doors there.

That gives Hawk an inspiration, and, as FOOTSTEPS rebound behind him, he grabs the door, swings and beats it until the hinges give way, and then yanks all seven feet of it free.

342

HIGH ANGLE - RESUME

342

Hawk SWINGS the long door like a sailboat boom and CLIPS the first guard up the steps in the head. The guy pitches over the side of the balustrade and smacks on the tiles below.

343

HAWK

343

raises the door over his head - SIDE KICKS the next guard - and then carefully tosses the door over his head like a slow motion javelin. It LANDS, resting between the balustrade here and the adjoining roof! He all but shoves Anna up and over it, then quickly follows.

344

LOW ANGLE -FROM BELOW

344

After Hawk crosses, he up-ends the door and it DROPS, right out from under Miller's feet. Miller catches the balustrade at the last minute and scrambles back up.

345

HAWK AND ANNA

345

scramble over the rooftops - an orange highway snaking above the streets of San Gimignano.

346

IN THE VILLA

346

A LADDER is tossed over the balustrade.

As Lady Queensborough - nursing a cut - watches, Um'Shaka, Miller and half a dozen MEN scramble in pursuit.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Alive, gentlemen, alive.

She pats her forehead, sees the blood on her Venice lace handkerchief.

CONTINUED

46

CONTINUED -

346

QUEENSBOROUGH

However... slightly damaged is
acceptable.

CUT TO:

347

ROOFTOPS - SAME TIME

347

Hawk and Anna stumble along. She grabs every passing chimney,
more for reassurance than support.

HAWK

We've got to get to the American
Embassy - they're believe us -

ANNA

The American Consul is in Florence-

HAWK

(looking around)
Then we need another thirty miles
of roof -

CAMERA CRANES UP as they begin a serpentine course - but almost
immediately, they - and we - SEE that in all directions
Queensborough's MEN are beginning to APPEAR.

Some are on the rooftops behind them; others have run along the
streets below until they have reached outlying walls or stairs
that can bring them up.

348

CLOSER

348

Hawk sees figures blocking the way ahead.

HAWK

(pointing in a new
direction)
That way -

Suddenly a FIGURE hurtles out of nowhere, takes Hawk down hard
against the roof, tiles CRACKING. It's Miller's pal, the most
eager-beaver among the pursuers, whom even now are silhouettes
on the rooftops behind them.

Hawk and the man roll over on the tiles, exchanging blows. Then
Hawk comes up underneath, one leg bent - KICKS the man back into
a chimney, dazing him - Spitting blood, Hawk gets up, yanks
the man by his necktie and SLAMS his face into the roof.

But his comrades are just steps behind. A warning SHOT pings off
the tiles. Hawk grabs the unconscious man's suit jacket, HOOKS
it over a roof bracket, and then flings the guy over the edge.

49

LOW ANGLE

349

the guy bobs and swings ten feet above the street.

HAWK

(to Anna)
Come on!

He takes her hand and both climb down the guy! Almost immediately the poor schmuck's clothes tear, but the s-l-o-w r-i-p just cushions their fall.

350

BELOW

350

Hawk and Anna LAND on the street, see a DELIVERY MAN just now going into a store, leaving his 3-wheel pickup running. They run to it, jump in and roar away.

351

BEHIND THEM

351

The first two of the other pursuing men DROP to the ground, SHOOT after the fleeing vehicle.

Then they TURN as MILLER SKIDS up in another of the little cars. One of the guys jumps in with Miller and the other guy roughly flings a GIRL off of a Vespa and joins chase with that.

CAMERA TILTS BACK UP to the guy dangling from the roof. He GROANS, blinks - and discovers that he's hanging BARE-ASSED above a curious CROWD.

CUT TO:

352

IN THEIR 3 WHEELER - HAWK AND ANNA

352

HAWK

(driving and Honking)
Which way out of town?

ANNA

I've never been here before!

HAWK

Some Italian.

ANNA

Follow the city wall - there's bound to be an exit.

HAWK

Damn. I think I'm going in circles.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED - 352
A GUNSHOT shatters his window.

ANNA
I think you're right.

353 THE STREET 353
Hawk goes into a wide turn to avoid the other 3-wheeler that has just appeared to cut him off. Now Miller - in the passenger seat of the other 3-wheeler - waves his driver closer.

354 HAWK'S 3 WHEELER 354
swerves to avoid a collision - and ends up CRASHING into the buildings that hug the street. Anna yelps and Hawk has to swing back again. Now he COLLIDES with the other vehicle -does it AGAIN on purpose to spoil Miller's AIM.

355 BOTH VEHICLES 355
BOUNCE down a FLIGHT OF STEPS.

356 NEW ANGLE 356
Hawk downshifts and pulls ahead.

357 MILLER 357
JUMPS from his vehicle and lands on the flatbed back of Hawk's. He aims his gun -

358 HAWK 358
as a BULLET SHATTERS the rear window of the cab and the windshield together, he turns.

HAWK
Drive!

Before she's grabbed the wheel he's lunging out the rear onto the flatbed.

359 WIDER 359
The little truck swerves until Anna gets it under control. Seeing the other truck closing, she SWINGS into a wild turn.

60 THE OTHER TRUCK 360
 PILES into a storefront.

361 HAWK AND ANNA'S 3-WHEELER - ON THE "STREET OF THE WHORES" 361
 A narrow downslope with buttresses between claustrophobic rows of buildings are low enough to trouble a tall man.

362 BACK OF THE VEHICLE 362
 Hawk, now in the rear, struggles with Miller. A SHADOW as they pass under a buttress. Then there's a wild SHOT that RICHOCHETS off a wall they pass - then Hawk THRUSTS Miller's hand and the gun against the blur of ancient bricks - there's a CLINK and a smear of blood and the gun is knocked away, bouncing behind the vehicle. With a howl of pain Miller SLAMS Hawk with his bloody fist.

MILLER
 Couldn't - get with - the program!
 Had to - fuck up -the whole operation-

HAWK
 You had a - lousy pension plan -
 (pounding him)
 - and no stock options -

But a SWERVE rolls Hawk aside and Miller gets in a vicious shot, and suddenly from nowhere he pulls a knife - Hawk struggles to keep the blade away but Miller's on top, gravity on his side -Hawk strains to rise - glances back -

363 A LOW BUTTRESS 363
 rushing forward -

364 BACK TO SCENE 364
 Hawk DUCKS - Miller GRINS, knife glinting - SPLAT!

365 HAWK - CLOSE 365
 blinks, looks up -

366 MILLER 366
 Neck at an obscene angle, the impact with the buttress has knocked his hand with the knife into his own heart.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED - 366

He sags, gurgling -Hawk kicks him out of the truck - starts to climb back into the cab.

CUT TO:

367 SAN GIMIGNANO - SAME TIME 367

A Fiat careens along with three more of Lord Queensborough's men - among them, Um'Shaka, who now makes them stop and let him out.

He waves them on, disappears down a side street -

CUT TO:

368 TIGHT ON A WALK STREET PYLON 368

Jutting up from a narrow intersection. We WIDEN as the little 3 wheeler SKIDS to a halt.

Hawk and Anna jump out, start to run - see two Queensborough men on foot heading to cut them off -

59 HAWK 369

whirls, sees a STUDENT about to start a Vespa -

HAWK
We're renting your bike.

KID
Mi scusi, ma non capisco inglese-

HAWK
Capisco this.

Hawk flings the kid aside, tosses money at him, jumps on with Anna.

370 NEW ANGLE 370

Hawk pops a wheelie and swerves around the pylon, zooms down the walk street. People jump out of the way.

371 BOTTOM OF THE WALK STREET 371

They go into a skidding turn onto what passes for a main thoroughfare in San Gimignano.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED -

371

It's a narrow downhill run alongside a city wall.

ANNA

(pointing)

That way! Through the wall and out
of town!

Hawk nods, feeling optimistic - then he sees -

372 THAT FIAT FULL OF HEAVIES

372

coming right towards them -

373 BACK TO SCENE

373

Hawk looks around for a side street. None.

374 THE FIAT

374

coming on - closer - closer - one of the men leans out with a
pistol - FIRES -

375 HAWK'S TIRES - VERY CLOSE

375

A near miss. BAM. A second SHOT hits the fender. TILT up as
Hawk GUNS IT.

ANNA

Hawk! What are -

376 WIDE

376

Hawk WHEELS UP and drives RIGHT UP THE HOOD OF THE FIAT.

ANNA

(a scream)

-do-ING - ?

377 THE ROOF OF THE FIAT

377

The Vespa careens off the roof and becomes AIRBORNE - and then

378 VESPA - ANOTHER ANGLE

378

It LANDS right on TOP OF THE CITY WALL!

79 THE FIAT 379
windshield now STARRED, it spins out, CRASHES.

380 THE VESPA 380
rides down the top of the narrow wall, makes the easy jump to the street, and exits the town! Hawk and Anna CHEER like Raiders fans and then Anna GASPS as she sees -

381 UM'SHAKA - HER POINT OF VIEW 381
STANDING just yards away on the edge of the city WALL like a gargoyle, the Assegi WHIRLING in his hand like a drum majorette's baton -

382 BACK TO SCENE 382
Alerted by her cry, Hawk starts to turn away -

383 UM'SHAKA 383
THROWS the Assegi -

384 ASSEGI - IN MID AIR 384
It WHISTLES through the air, straight and true - and then -at the last minute - it ROTATES OVER and

385 THE KNOBKERRIE END 385
hits Hawk in the head! He SAGS -

386 WIDER 386
the Vespa SPINS OUT, FLIPS on the shoulder. Hawk and Anna roll unconscious across the rocky Tuscan soil.
As Un'Shaka jumps down from the wall and other Queensborough men come into view, we

DISSOLVE TO:

87

EXT. FLORENCE MUSEUM - NIGHT

387

A big BANNER dangles in the moonlight between two tall columns:
DA VINCI AND HIS CRAFT - A PRESENTATION OF THE QUEENSBOROUGH
TRUST LTD.

CUT TO:

388

INT. DA VINCI WORKSHOP - NIGHT

388

Hawk and Anna are roughly propelled into a dark chamber. Someone
hits a LIGHT.

We're in a REPRODUCTION of Da Vinci's workshop - the one we saw at
the beginning of the picture.

It's not exactly the same, but damn, damn close - close enough to
give us the willies.

Above the ten foot level we SEE the false walls of the repro and
the actual museum (complete with exit signs and fire sprinklers)
above it.

Ringling the room are five SLAVE VIDEO CAMERAS on pedestals, their
coaxial cables running to a central station - all of this clearly
temporary, and not part of the exhibit.

With Hawk and Anna are Lady Queensborough, Um'Shaka, two of Lady
Queensborough's BODYGUARDS and three TECHNICIANS, one of whom
now moves to the VIDEO CONTROL PANEL while the other two perform
the functions of Da Vinci's aides four centuries before.

HAWK

Maid's day off?

QUEENSBOROUGH

This is an authentic reproduction
of Da Vinci's workshop, Mr. Hawkins.
Necessary for my plan and a marvelous
tax deductible gift to the Italian
nation to boot. And that -
(he points)
- is the gold machine.

She nods. One of the technicians LIGHTS the furnace with a
convenient (and modern) GAS VALVE; another opens FAUCETS which
begin to fill a CRUCIBLE with WATER.

The FIRE from the furnace reflects on the windows. Now, the
technician who started the water LIGHTS a big LANTERN on a
pedestal. The FRESNEL LENS housing it makes the glow INTENSE.

CONTINUED

98

CONTINUED -

388

ANNA

Getting a little hectic for two AM,
isn't? What will you do when the
authorities arrive?

QUEENSBOROUGH

Nothing; as the benefactor of this
exhibit, I've already told them we're
testing things for tomorrow's opening.
Now then, Mr. Hawkins, if you'll
step over here, on camera -

389

NEW ANGLE

389

She waves towards the big worktable. There we see the 3 PARTS of
the master gear, near the reproductions of the artifacts that hid
them. At the same time, the VIDEO TECH hits controls. A CAMERA
HUMMS as it pans to follow Hawk.

QUEENSBOROUGH

(gesturing, to Hawk)
If you'll be so kind to reassemble
this -?

Hawk looks at her, then the camera.

HAWK

Hi, ma.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Mr. Hawkins!

Um'Shaka steps forward to reinforce the polite request. At the
same time the BODYGUARD jerks Anna's arm behind her. She winces
with the pain - Hawk gets the point.

390

CLOSER ON HIM

390

He deftly puts the gear together, first unfolding each piece
into a circle and then interlacing them. They SNAP together
with a click.

391

WIDER

391

Lady Queensborough nods and one of the TECHS takes the gear,
moves towards the big machine and sets it in its place; a wing
nut positions it.

CONTINUED

QUEENSBOROUGH

Set the mirrors.

(as she is obeyed, to
Hawk and Anna)

Da Vinci was obsessed with light
and mirrors - bending and refracting
light - you'll notice the ruby lens
in the machine... perhaps he
anticipated the laser... we'll know
soon enough.

HAWK

Is there gonna be popcorn?

392 THE TECHNICIANS

392

Check the mirror angles on the walls, align them with the big
fresnel lens and a series of LENSES which culminate at the top of
the machine. Finally a

393 WIRE

393

is run from a pulley on the fresnel lens over to the big machine
six feet away.

All set. Now the technicians move to some CHEMICAL BOTTLES -
modern ones - and begin withdrawing powders, liquids, etc.

QUEENSBOROUGH

Now the elements:

394 WITH CUTS TO THE TWO TECHNICIANS

394

each item Queensborough MENTIONS is put into little COMPARTMENTS
in Da Vinci's machine, each of which is designed to open and dump
out measured portions on cue.

Each compartment is beautifully decorated with the ZODIAC SIGN of
that element:

QUEENSBOROUGH

(grandly, the patron
of forgotten art)

Sulphur... quicksilver... nitric
acid.. arsenic... ammonia chloride...
and lastly...

95 AS IT IS PUT INTO PLACE 395

QUEENSBOROUGH
The lead bar, after centuries ready
for its transmutation.

396 BACK TO SCENE 396

HAWK
That was beautiful, Queenie. You
oughta be on PBS.

QUEENSBOROUGH
(dryly)
If this fails, Mr Hawkins, what you
will be on is my shitlist.
(to her team)
Begin.

397 THE FIRST TECHNICIAN 397

THROWS a level. STEAM begins to percolate from the furnace
towards the machine.

98 THE MACHINE 398

begins to ROTATE, at first slowly and clunkily, then faster.

399 THE CAMERAMAN 399

follows this -

400 THE CENTRAL GEAR HAWK ASSEMBLED 400

ROTATES and ROLLS in its compartment, its teeth ENGAGING with
the machine's gears as it turns. There's a CLICK and the central
gear SLIPS to a new position like a differential.

401 WIDER 401

The machine THROWS OUT its folding arms, each with an element.
Another CLICK. The arms go higher.

402 THE CENTRAL GEARS 402

ROLLS to another position, hits the first of several CAMS. Wires
PULL TAUT -

03 THE CHEMICAL HOUSINGS - QUICK CUTS 403
 They begin OPENING. The CHEMICALS begin to SPILL and DROP
 through BRASS TUBES towards the lead in the trough.

404 BACK TO SCENE 404

405 QUEENSBOROUGH 405

QUEENSBOROUGH
 (to the cameraman)
 Follow it, follow it, the order must
 be important -

The CAMERAMAN nods, waves. Already his

406 CAMERAS 406
 are all working, zooming, panning -

407 THE CHEMICAL COMPARTMENTS - ON HIS MONITORS 407
 TIMECODE and SUPERS tell us which chemical is doing what/when
 -

408 HAWK 408
 leans close to Anna.

HAWK
 No matter which way this goes, we're
 fucked. Give me a distraction.

ANNA
 I don't have to: I was a chemistry
 major... and when those chemicals
 come together, you'll have all the
 distraction you need.

As that sinks in, we watch

409 THE CHEMICALS - EACH IN TURN 409
 making their way down their individual paths to -

410 THE LEAD BAR 410
 spinning in its trough - the first two CHEMICALS HIT. SIZZLE.
 POP - then

411 THE ACID ARRIVES 411
 412 WIDER 412
 There's a FLASH and a controlled but jarring EXPLOSION. Everyone
 BLINKS.
 413 HAWK 413
 steps quickly over and COLD COCKS Anna's bodyguard.
 414 ONE OF THE TECHS 414
 is the only one to notice. He starts towards Hawk -
 415 QUEENSBOROUGH 415
 sees his movement- then turns, sees all.
 QUEENSBOROUGH
 (to the tech)
 No, no stay at your post - !
 (turning, pointing)
 Um'shaka!
 Um'shaka turns at his name just as -
 416 HAWK 416
 throws open the unconscious bodyguard's jacket and grabs for
 the pistol in the belt.
 417 BACK TO SCENE 417
 The Assegi snickers out of Um'shaka's sleeve as he throws his
 arm forward -
 418 HAWK 418
 dives aside and -
 419 THE ASSEGI 419
 HITS the pistol dead on, the blade passing between cylinder and
 frame and then THUDDING on through into the bodyguard, who AWAKENS
 in time to die!

20

HAWK

420

twenty inches away on the floor, hand still quivering where he pulled it away just in time.

HAWK

(awed)
Fuckkk me--!

He gets to his feet and tries to yank the Assegi out of the man's body - but the body rises with it - and then

421

THE OTHER BODYGUARD

421

steps in, SWINGING a red hot POKER from the furnace! Hawk ducks, PUNCHES the man, drops him - but meanwhile

422

UM'SHAKA

422

removes the Assegi by STEPPING on the dead man like he's a speared fish!

423

ANNA

423

rolls an equipment cart in the path of one of the approaching techs, SEES Um'Shaka -

ANNA

Hawk! Look out - !

424

HAWK

424

turns, ducks - the Assegi WHIZZES by, just missing him -THUDS into the wall, quivering near the mannikin with the diving helmet.

Um'Shaka moves forward, fluid - but as he comes in - Hawk GRABS the diving helmet by the canvas hose and SWINGS it like an Olympic hammer thrower! Um'shaka is BOWLED OVER, DROPS!

Hawk GRINS - and then has to FLING his hands over his face as the room is FILLED with blinding light!

425

HIGH ANGLE

425

the machine has TRIGGERED the fresnel lens and LASER LIKE BEAMS OF LIGHT BOUNCE AROUND THE MIRRORS - FASTER - FASTER, CIRCLING THE ROOM -

26 ANNA 426
Also SQUINTS, blinded -

427 QUEENSBOROUGH 427
grabs GOGGLES from one of the unconscious technicians, looks through them at -

428 THE MACHINE 428
as the BEAMS of light CONVERGE on the top MIRROR and then BOUNCE into the innards of the machine with a ROAR!

429 HAWK 429
can barely see, but he sees a GUARD grappling with Anna and he PUNCHES the man - starts to help her up when

430 CLOSER 430
Queensborough LUNGES up like a sea monster in the goggles and CRACKS Hawk on the head with a metal shaft. Dazed, he SLUMPS across the table. She whips the shaft around his neck.

QUEENSBOROUGH
Remember... this trick? Too bad...
I don't have... my handcuffs...

Hawk's choking - then Lady Queensborough NOTICES -

431 CENTER OF MACHINE 431
it GLEAMS YELLOWISH, MOLTEN -

432 BACK TO SCENE 432
QUEENSBOROUGH
Gold - ! It works - it works -

And in that moment of distraction Hawk SNAPS back an elbow, knocking the bar out of her grip - he whirls, backhands the woman - Lady Queensborough reaches for the metal bar again -and goes OFF BALANCE and falls right into

433 THE MACHINE 433
WHICH GRINDS NOISILY as she goes into it head first -STEAM billows UPWARDS -

- 34 UM'SHAKA 434
on the floor, he STIRS -
- 435 QUEENSBOROUGH 435
TUMBLES from the machine, SCREAMING, or rather, TRYING to SCREAM, because MOLTEN GOLD covers her face, and as it BUBBLES and cascades and turns her into a bizarrely beautiful echo of Nefertiti, she TOPPLES out one of the giant glass windows with a CRASH!
- 436 BACK TO SCENE 436
REACTING to this, Hawk looks for Anna - and then sees Um'shaka, who is back on his feet, floating forward through the smokey gloom, Assegi SPINNING - Hawk moves sideways, trying to put the still SIZZLING VIDEO CONTROL PANEL between him and Um'Shaka - darts aside -
- 437 UM'SHAKA 437
THROWS the assegi, which creates its own tunnel in the smoke and sparks and RAKES
- 438 HAWK'S BODY 438
as he grimaces, pulling himself aside and WINCES as he is GRAZED, which ain't so bad, but what is bad is that the weapon has PIERCED his jacket and PINNED him to the wall! Now, as he tries to pull himself free -
- 439 UM'SHAKA 439
advances towards him, bats the video equipment aside, unstoppable -
- 440 HAWK 440
can't pull out the blade - can't pull free - finally he grabs his jacket on both sides of the hole and presses IN and AGAINST the Assegi blade - the fabric PARTS with a RIPPP in a straight line and Hawk is freed so suddenly he loses his balance - dodges aside as Um'Shaka EASILY yanks the Assegi from the wall and then begins to STEP in quickly like a fencer, with a series of short LUNGES with the blade which Hawk must dodge, each in turn.

41

NEW ANGLE

441

A kendo like WHIRL of the weapon keeps Hawk dancing -

HAWK

(backing away)

Um'shaka, are you nuts - the boss
is dead - her plan is over -

UM'SHAKA

(a quiet smile)

Who said it was her plan?

A feint with the blade - and then a stunning BLOW with the knobkerrie end that FLIPS Hawk off his feet and into a corner.

442

HAWK

442

struggles to his feet just in time to DODGE a full-bore LUNGE from Um'Shaka. The blade HITS the wall off - angle and Hawk grabs the shaft - and then Um'shaka merely goes with Hawk's momentum and begins to PRESS the shaft towards Hawk's throat.

443

CLOSER

443

as Hawk realizes he can be strangled as easily as stabbed. With a wide grip, Hawk STRAINS to push the metal shaft away with both his hands, while the bigger, stronger African strains equally with his close handed grip to crush Hawk's throat.

444

HAWK

444

makes a GASPING CHOKE as the shaft compresses his throat. His eyes GLAZE but as they do they dart sideways towards -

445

THE HINGE AND LEVER ON THE SHAFT

445

which we remember earlier allowed the weapon to be tucked into a sleeve.

446

BACK TO SCENE

446

with a desperate all-or-nothing JERK Hawk SLIDES one hand centerward and FLICKS the lever with his thumb. There's a CLICK and the shaft BENDS on the hinge! Um'Shaka's greater strength and narrower grip makes it fold AWAY from Hawk and suddenly it is Um'shaka's throat which is caught in a V-shaped trap! The momentum of the sudden change makes Um'shaka STUMBLE towards the wall until the point of the "V" HITS it - at the same moment Hawk ducks sideways and SLAMS the "V" with his forearm -

17 LONGER SHOT 447

The blade POPS Um'Shaka's head off with a neat SNIP that sends it BOUNCING down the long table, a scene mercifully obscured by a shitload of SMOKE from

448 THE STILL JAMMED MACHINE 448

which hasn't been the same since Queensborough hit the fan -

449 HAWK 449

HAWK

(shouting)

Anna! Susanna -

Suddenly a BLACK HAND grabs his wrist - Hawk CHILLS as he SEES that Um'shaka's HEADLESS BODY has grabbed him by reflex.

HAWK

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST -!

Hawk grabs TONGS from the worktable and SMACKS the wrist. There's a CRACK and then the body TWITCHES horribly and is still. Hawk plunges through the smoke towards -

450 ANNA 450

-who use this museum's REPRODUCTION of the horse statue that began this adventure to KNOCK OUT the LAST VIDEO TECH who is struggling with her.

Hawk runs over, collects her and they rush for the door. But it's firmly locked, the key God knows where. The GROAN of metal under stress makes them turn -

451 THE ALCHEMY MACHINE 451

is RUMBLING, the vibrations emanating from a bottleneck in the steam tubing. Even now the tubing BUCKLES again.

452 BACK TO SCENE 452

ANNA

It's all going to blow -

Hawk looks around for something, anything - his eyes fall on something off CAMERA -

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED - 452

HAWK

(oddly)
No way he can lose -

453 EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT 453

As an EXPLOSION of steam and then GAS BLOWS OUT all the windows!
DEBRIS frisbees towards the CAMERA - debris and -SOMETHING ELSE-

454 NEW ANGLE 454

we see Anna, hanging on Hawk's waist - and Hawk, hanging from the
bar on Da Vinci's bat-winged glider! They both SWAY as another
BLAST rocks them, then they are clear, the HEAT making them rise
and curve -

455 FLORENCE - LONG SHOT - DAWN 455

The glider COASTS above the city and the Arno river, makes a slow
and graceful turn, and then DROPS gently into a PIAZZA, scattering
pigeons. Somewhere in the distance we HEAR FIRE ALARMS.

456 HAWK AND ANNA 456

as the glider gently crumples they tumble onto the cobblestones.
They check for broken bones - and finding none look off at -

457 THE MUSEUM - LONG SHOT - THEIR P.O.V. 457

Fire engines pull up. Smoke still pours from the ruined floor.

458 BACK TO SCENE 458

ANNA

Hell of a mess.

HAWK

Queensborough's estate will take
care of it. Hey, maybe we can sue.

He helps her to her feet. They start across the Piazza.

ANNA

I think we should stay out of court...

(thinking)

Hawk, - the gear thingie: Did you
put it together right...?

CONTINUED

They're at a Piazza side cafe. Hawk pulls out a chair for her.

HAWK

You mean, did I sabotage it? Or
was Da Vinci smart enough to do it
himself?

ANNA

Right.

HAWK

(grinning)
Sorry. That's between Leo and me.

He turns to a WAITER, who is still staring at the hang glider.

HAWK

Due caffe, per favore.

The waiter blinks... and then moves into the cafe.

WAITER

(sotto, with a shrug)
Americani...

FADE OUT.

THE END